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God as the absolute Thou

MARTIN BUBER:
I and Thou
Translated by Walter Kaufman
186pp. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. £1.20 (paperback, 90p).

Martin Buber: Briefwechsel aus sieben Jahrzehnten—Vol. I: 1897-1918
Edited by Grete Schaeder
606pp. Heidelberg: Lambert Schneider. DM.55.

AUBREY HODES:
Encounter with Martin Buber
243pp. Allen Lane. £3.50.

THE STORY OF Buber scholarship in the West is curious, complicated and somewhat tragic. In 1923 there appeared in Germany the obscure but epoch-making little volume *Ich und Du*. Almost at once rejected by Jewish orthodoxy (a rejection which has never been withdrawn), the little book began almost immediately to make an impact upon (mostly) Christian theologians. Three years after its publication there appeared from the pen of F. Gogarten the significant work *Ich glaube an den dreieinigen Gott*, which utilized Buber's twin categories of I-Thou and I-It. In 1931 there appeared the monumental *Glaube und Denken* by Karl Heim, followed in 1935 by his *God Transcendent: Foundation for a Christian Metaphysics*, both heavily influenced by the thought and terminology of *Ich und Du*.

The main work of the early Bonhoeffer, *Act and Being* (1931), is also marked by clear Buberian traces. In 1938, Emil Brunner brought out his *Wahrheit als Begegnung* (in English translation, *The Divine-Human Encounter*, 1944), in which the very foundations of the Christian knowledge of God are articulated, in a highly technical way, by means of the Buberian contrast between I-Thou and I-It. And it is impossible to read Karl Barth's *Kirchliche Dogmatik*, III, part 2 (1948), without being forcibly struck by the author's fondness for Buberian notions and language. It must also be remembered that central to the thought of that theologian who stood at the centre of the demythologizing controversy of the 1940s and 1950s, Rudolf Bultmann, is the insistence that man's relationship to God must always be understood in analogy with man's relationship to his fellows, an insistence which Bultmann's friends and foes alike attributed to his affinities with Buber.

The Buberian movement got under way in this country only a little later. In 1935 H. H. Farmer published his *The World and God*, influenced not only by the personalism of Buber but also by that of John Oman. In 1937 the twenty-three-year-old Ronald Gregor Smith brought out the first English translation of *Ich und Du* (revised version with postscript by the author, New York 1958): until his untimely death in 1968 Gregor Smith laboured indefatigably for a wider and deeper appreciation of Buber's thought in English-speaking circles. The influence of Buber's thought was also apparent in the late John Baillie's *Our Knowledge of God* (1939), which was for several generations required reading in most theological faculties and colleges. The indebtedness of the late J. H. Oldham to Buberian categories was apparent in his widely-read *Life is Commitment* (1953). John A. T. Robinson's unpublished Cambridge doctoral thesis, *Thou Who Art*, completed in 1945, investigated Buber's thought in relation to the Christian doctrine of God, an investigation whose full implications for English religion did not become apparent until the publication of his *Honest to God* in 1963.

In hindsight, it is not difficult to understand the irresistible fascination which Buber came to have for these theologians. The 1920s, 1930s and 1940s were singularly anti-metaphysical decades: the positivists of the postwar Vienna Circle clinched Hume's and Kant's criticisms of natural theology, and the postwar Karl Barth, in the name of Christian fideism and positivism, not only welcomed but hastened the demise of speculative theology. Buber agreed with this anti-metaphysical stance, insisting that the (final?) disappearance of metaphysical theology was a good rather than a bad thing for authentic knowledge of God; such theology had made of God an "It" anyway, an impersonal idol which satisfied man's lust for security and for a continuity of possession of God in space and time, a lust which is incompatible with the Buberian insight that God is absolutely and irreducibly "Thou", a strictly personal being approachable only through meeting, encounter, address, dialogue.

The demise of traditional forms of natural theology left a vacuum which sucked in the surrounding atmosphere: that intellectual atmosphere happened to be occupied for good or ill by the thought-forms of Buber's little classic. What these "encounter-theologians" tended to hold in common was something like this: since God is not at all a worldly object open to man's detached disposal, investigation and manipulation, but a unique *person*, it follows that he can only be known (as other persons are known) when he reveals himself in moments of encounter, meeting, dialogue, reciprocal relation and the like. Further, what is revealed is not *information about* God, communicable in theistic propositions or dogmas, but a *presence* ("a presence with power") which transcends and eludes the power of everyday objectifying language. Moreover, just as the detached and impersonal investigation, involving veridical procedures, of a man or woman inevitably degrades the infinitely valuable personal status of him or her, so the philosopher's (and the metaphysical theologian's) cool, crisp, detached and rational approach to the question of God's being and nature is (unwittingly, perhaps) a blasphemous attempt to degrade God's unique *personal* status as "the infinite Thou who can never become It".

Of course, different theologians from differing traditions differed in the ways in which they interpreted the Buberian concepts of "encounter", "meeting" and "address": predictably, the more Protestant theologians (for example Bultmann) used the Buberian terminology to interpret Christian talk of "God addressing man in His Word Jesus Christ", a Word which cannot be objectively regarded in a detached and uninvolved way, but which can only be responded to in the subjective obedience of faith (or rejected in the disobedience of unfaith). What ought not to be overlooked here is that such an articulation (as we find it for instance in the works of Baillie or in Emil Brunner's *The Divine-Human Encounter*), while it is not a natural theology in the older sense of being a set of logical demonstrations and inferences, is nevertheless a *philosophical* defence of the autonomy and validity of the cognition of God over against the monstrous pretensions of the latter-day natural and human sciences.

It must now be remarked that such approaches to a philosophy of God are nowadays singularly unpopular (except among a few lonely souls or with some of the no-longer fashionable death-of-God theologians), an unpopularity which began to become clearly apparent around the mid-1950s. Two reasons for this deserve brief mention. The first is that many traditional theologians, whether influenced by St Augustine, St Thomas, St Anselm, neo-Thomism or English empiricism, had never been particularly impressed by the so-called "Buberian" approach anyway, estimating what they regarded as his mystical pantheism as every bit as heterodox as his own co-religionists. The second concerns the systematic and toughminded application, from the early 1950s onwards, of the insights and techniques of the newer logical empiricism to the central problems of theistic belief, an application which produced, for example, the important symposium *New Essays in Philosophical Theology* (1955).

One significant product of this new movement was R. W. Hepburn's *Christianity and Paradox* (1958), in which the author, in a sensitive but toughminded way, subjected to rigorous and detailed logical and epistemological analysis some of the most fashionable approaches to Western Christian belief. Professor Hepburn subjected to microscopic examination the main presuppositions and doctrines of certain Buberian encounter-theologians. Particularly, Professor Hepburn concentrated attention acutely on the logical steps taken by thinkers like Brunner and Farmer when they moved from the interhuman I-Thou meeting (as analogical model) to the man/God I-Thou encounter. In thirty-five tightly argued and uncompromising pages, Professor Hepburn demonstrated that *all* so-called I-Thou encounters *without exception* are *grounded* in the empirical, in tones of voice, in hand-gestures, in perceptions, in observations, in veridical procedures and the like, and that *any* attempt (which would seem to be demanded by Brunner's use of the interhuman I-Thou model) to think away, to eliminate, empirical, observational, unstable, spatio-temporal elements in the interhuman model, in order to produce the notion of some "purified", stable, spiritual, non-empirical divine/human encounter, was doomed from the outset. In *Professor Hepburn's words*: "This analogy is like a car that stalls at the very start of the race". Moreover, Professor Hepburn made it clear that our unavoidable application of veridical checking-procedures to I-Thou relationships did not at all mean that we were necessarily involved in degrading the uniquely personal status of our intimates and friends.

As a philosopher of religion, Professor Hepburn was of course arguing for "the need for a rational theology as a supplement to the

encounter-experience, whatever that is like ", and in doing so articulated his opposition to certain views of Buber as well as those of his theological disciples.

So Buber's approach became, sadly, rather unpopular, an unpopularity which was not really materially affected by the valiant efforts of the Catholic Hans Urs von Balthasar (1960) or by Gregor Smith (1966). Naturally, Buber's devotees protested that, while such logical analyses may have been appropriately directed against those who had systematized, distorted and misused Buber's mystical poetry, it was inappropriately directed against the master himself. Be that as it may, it is undeniable that Buber's overall reputation in the West suffered considerably from the demise of the I-Thou encounter-theology as practised by his theological adherents. And herein lies the tragedy: did Buber's reputation deserve so to suffer? Had Buber's thought really been misunderstood and misapplied by his theological enthusiasts? Had the main points which he wished to drive home in 1923 really been obscured and overlaid by those who tried to systematize and utilize his insights for ends in which the Jewish Buber was not particularly interested?

The main value of the three books under review lies in the fact that they help us to answer these questions, and that they may conceivably contribute to a Buber renaissance in which Buber is allowed to say in the contemporary world-situation what he wished but had not been allowed to say. Walter Kaufman's brilliant and scholarly new translation of *Ich und Du* is heavily supported by linguistic and philological notes based upon more than 200 corrective suggestions made by Buber to Gregor Smith after the former had read the page-proofs of the latter's first English translation. Prefacing the translation itself is an extremely important forty-page prologue by Professor Kaufman which both introduces and is based upon the new text itself. Many of the points made there by Professor Kaufman corroborate the historical analysis elaborated above. The original translation of *Du* as "Thou" has been disastrous: "Thou" in English is a pulpit-word, a preacher's word, a Shakespearian word which has little to do with the German *Du*, which is rooted, as Professor Kaufman says, in "direct, nonliterary, spontaneous human relationships". Professor Kaufman notes, rightly, that *Ich und Du* ironically owed its survival to the efforts of Protestant theologians and their jargonization of I-Thou and I-It, as well as to the postwar need to idolize a great and representative Jew. But, Professor Kaufman sharply remarks, "a book's survival usually owes not a little to its vices", and in the case of *Ich und Du* these included a lack of clarity, evidenced by Buber himself in 1963 when he declared that he could no longer understand the meaning of certain passages he had written in 1923!

Professor Kaufman argues persuasively, appealing to both internal and external evidence, and supported by Grete Schaeder in her introduction to the first volume of Buber's *Briefwechsel*, that the original *Du* of the title refers to none other than Buber's wife, Paula Buber-Winkler! It follows that for Professor Kaufman the burden of Buber's message is (if one *must* use theological terms) that God is present in the *You*, in the wife, the husband, the child, the intimate. If I do not encounter the *You* I do not encounter God; if I abuse or manipulate *You*, I act likewise towards God. The guts of *Ich und Du* is the centrality of human relationships in human existence, and the book was written by someone who had long since abandoned synagogue services and Jewish daily prayers for an obscure eighteenth-century Polish this-worldly mystical piety. The mention of God in the work, although not unimportant, is fairly peripheral to its central interest.

What makes the enthusiastic adoption of *Ich und Du* by Protestant theologians even more incomprehensible is the unswerving attitude of its author throughout his long life to the mainstream of Christian tradition. Buber did not believe (as Professor Kaufman does not believe) in the existence of any pre-Hellenistic Jewish Christianity to which we might attain by historico-critical research. For one thing, Buber could not abide Paul nor Pauline christology or eschatology. As late as 1950, Buber wrote his *Zweiglaubensweisen (Two Types of Faith*, 1951), in which he uncompromisingly expounded the incompatibility of the Jewish "trust" *(emunah)* with the Pauline-Christian "faith" *(pistis)*. Buber's view, from which he never departed, was that Christian "faith" incorporated into itself from the beginning a propositional element, creating an unbridgeable gulf with Judaism, and involving Christianity for ever in the demand that we should give our assent to something or other *that* is the case (eg, *that* Jesus was divine as well as human or *that* he rose from the dead), and thus in endless intolerance, controversy, persecution and inhumanity! Nor could the German Jewish refugee Buber abide Christian talk of "the world *having been* redeemed by Christ", and throughout his life asserted the sharpest possible opposition between Jesus and Paul.

Closely connected with this is the dispute over the translation throughout *Ich und Du* of the German *Umkehr*: incomprehensibly, in the 1937 version this appeared as "reversal"; yet, insists Professor Kaufman, *Umkehr* is Buber's rendering of the ancient and thoroughly Jewish "Return" *(T'shuvah)*, and the doctrine which it represents. At its simplest, the Jewish doctrine of the Return means that man, *qua* man, "can at any time return and be accepted by God", without works or assent to propositional dogma. Professor Kaufman does not shrink from spelling out the anti-institutional implications of the doctrine ("it constitutes a threat to organized religion"), and the ways in which he believes it undermines the foundations of the Reformed, Lutheran, Catholic and Orthodox Churches, in so far as they stress the necessity of Christ's redemptive death mediated in word, doctrine and sacrament. Indeed, the truth of Buber's Return doctrine means in Kaufman's view the collapse of Pauline theology and that "Christ died in vain"!

Professor Kaufman's translation and notes, together with the prologue which precedes them, brings out with startling clarity the important picture of a highly heterodox but still recognizably Jewish Buber, speaking to a European heterodoxy which can no longer believe, but wonders whether life totally divested of religion is bound to lack some vital dimension.

The mysteries of the inter-human

Aubrey Hodes's book (whose main defects are a rather journalistic style and a rather onesided devotion to its subject) constitutes an admirable introduction for the beginner in later *Buberiana* (in contrast to Frau Schaeder's biographical sketch prefacing the *Briefweschsel*, which is a scholarly and not altogether easy account of Buber's development as a whole). The book confirms in biographical and autobiographical manner (the author knew Buber in his Jerusalem period very well) much of what we have already learnt. From his pages there emerges the fascinating but melancholy picture of an old man, coldly ostracized by the Israeli rabbinical and political establishments, desperately trying to raise himself above all racial, religious and ideological divisions (and getting himself hated for doing so), sitting at his desk in Jerusalem's Lovers of Zion Street, agonizing over the awesome mysteries of the *Zwischenmenschliche* (the "inter-human"), that frighteningly numinous area which joins (or separates) man from man.

This picture reflects a Hebrew humanist whose interests became increasingly social (ie, inter-racial and inter-religious) and international rather than theological. (Professor Kaufman complains of the disastrous early identification of Buber as a theologian, rather than as the diagnostician of "sick" societies who was forty years before his time). Mr Hodes rightly locates Buber's religious thought within the context of Hasidism, with its stress on the hallowing of the everyday, on the divine spark in every human being, a spark tragically armoured in by a shell *(klippot)* which must be freed by heart-direction *(kavannah)* and fervour *(hitlahavut)*. Hence the older Buber agonizes over the awful cosmic mystery of why man cannot (or will not) sit down with man, in a dialogue in which each opens up to the other in the closest intimacy and most painful honesty the secret hopes, dreams and fears by which his conduct is motivated and his existence constituted. He looks towards the establishment of the *Kibbutzim* (rather than some supra-mundane, post-temporal Kingdom of God) as some kind of eschatological instantiation and confirmation of his life's work. He communicates with Rabindranath Tagore, Bertrand Russell, Dag Hammarskjöld, Albert Schweitzer and Gandhi—always, his theme is the same: man's hellish inability to dialogue in openness with his fellow-man, and the immediate, life-or-death necessity for the I-Thou encounter, through which alone man can reach individual, social, political and international peace and authenticity.

If indeed a genuine Buber renaissance were to occur, of what would it consist and who would be involved? As Buber saw it, Arab and Jew would be invited by the Hebrew humanist to spell out to each other not only their hopes but their fears, towards the goal of discovering common ground of greater and more lasting value than self-destructive nationalism or maniacal vindictiveness. Indians and Pakistanis would be invited by the Jew who insisted that he was an Orie... discover their roots in a com... *humanitas* transcending differe... in cult, practice and history. ... Catholics and Irish Protes... would be challenged by the ... Buber in the name of the J... whom he loved to ask each ... whether historical difference... faith and in hope are, in contr... tinction to their common Scrip... really of more lasting value ... the dominical command, re... and applied by Buber the Je... love thy neighbour.

Both Russian and American ... rialists would be required ... address themselves, together ... heart-rending seriousness, to ... issue of whether Buber's bel... Holy Land can continue indefin... to be the chessboard of a ... political power-game where ... sonalized Its are moved, ma... lated, paid off and used in ... hope of an ultimate check... which could involve us all. ... would Christian believers nee... feel disillusioned any more by ... erosion of some apologetic the... analogy which Buber had ne... intended anyway. There may ... more Christianity in his teach... than many of the Churches are ... prepared for! What theolo... has taken with more ser... ness than he the terrible tea... of Christ that God is nowhe... near to us than when we enco... our neighbour in his need, or ... unnerving teaching of I John ... whoever claims to love God ... hates his brother is a liar? W... theologian has more to teach ... young, radical, Christian social ... political activist than the old ... who all his life loathed, on bib... grounds, any separation bet... word and deed, doctrine and ... God and man? And the athe... humanist, if he wishes to re... such, has much to fear from Bub...

A humanist he may have be... but as a Hebrew humanist, alth... rightly reticent to mouth the ... of God emptily, he was force... confess, in the light of a ... lifetime's encounters with men ... in the depths of our interpers... relationships we come inesca... upon something lasting, al... numinous, not of this world; ... thing only describable by term... infinite and eternal; some... which points beyond itself to ... primal and consummating relat... reality that men everywhere ... men, call God. And if such ... were to come to pass, then ... we might reiterate the ... already made of Buber—truly ... has been in our midst one al... Jeremiah and Hosea, and we k... it not.

Medicine and the Mandari

JEAN BUXTON:

Religion and Healing in Mandari

443pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £6.

The Mandari are a Nilo-Hamitic speaking people of the Southern Sudan who number about 15,000 souls. They inhabit a small territory some ninety miles west of the Nile in the equatorial Sudan, just to the south of the much more populous and powerful Nilotic-speaking Dinka. Although the Mandari clearly share much with other Nilo-Hamitic speaking peoples, it is clear from this as from earlier works by the same author that Nilotic culture, as represented by the Dinka, has a strong influence on them. The degree of this influence is to be gauged not only from the striking and blatant facts but from the trivia. Not only do the Mandari have an important possession cult, which they consciously associate with the intrusion of Dinka spirits, even their commonest daily greeting has been replaced by the Dinka equivalent.

One major contribution of Jean Buxton's studies has been to draw attention to the cultural and political fluidity of traditional life in the Southern Sudan; a fluidity, a degree of permeability which the old linguistic classifications—Nilotic, Nilo-Hamitic and the like—tended to conceal. The late Sir Edward Evans-Pritchard, by developing the pioneer study of the Seligmans, established the Southern Sudan as one of the most important areas in social anthropological studies, and, in *The Nuer*, demolished the assumption that the concept of centrality was essential to the existence of a political order. Nevertheless, in later writings, particularly in *Nuer Religion*, he sometimes allowed the notion of centrality, represented by some core of essential Nuer-ness, to creep back at the level of belief and value. In an earlier article Dr Buxton insisted that the Mandari are "not a tribe but a people—a cultural and not a political group"; they know the physical boundaries of their territory but recognize that their social life extends beyond it and includes all sorts of transactions, including marriage, with the Dinka. Perhaps because their society is small we can observe, as it were magnified, the permeability of other societies. Although the ethnographies of the Nuer and the Dinka make it clear that there are fluid Nuer-Dinka societies, the use of such terms as "land" and "nation" leaves an overall impression of monolithic homogeneity which contradicts the facts.

Dr Buxton was a student and later a colleague of Evans-Pritchard and her training fitted her to break out of the linguistic classification of the Mandari and to see them in the context of the northern culture; her most important ethnographic comparisons are with the works of Evans-Pritchard and R. G. Lienhardt. Because of all this her two major books and various articles on the Mandari contribute to and develop a significant and influential tradition in British social anthropology.

Religion and Healing in Mandari also contributes to a relatively new development in the discipline: medical anthropology. This branch of study was pioneered by people who for the most part had come into the subject from medicine and there is a sense in which they were obviously qualified to study non-European aetiologies and treatment of disease. It is fair to say, however, that the intellectual tradition out of which European medicine has grown invested Western medical concepts with an apparent precision and validity such that a sort of epistemological confrontation takes place instead of understanding. Inevitably, the medically trained social anthropologist is tempted to see primitive classifications and remedies as erroneous and then to explain how or why these errors occur. This is especially true in the field of mental sickness and the recent WHO report on differences in the diagnosis and treatment of mental disorder in various countries only emphasizes the danger.

Interestingly even here the reaction has been in the face of such cultural relativity to look for physical "markers" which might provide universal criteria for diagnosis. A more radical, or at the least complementary approach, would be to accept the cultural relativity as itself a "marker" pointing to a stronger cultural element in the aetiology than is commonly acceptable in the procedures of Western science. The corrective emphasis would be to turn from the immediate understanding of sickness to the understanding of the understanding of sickness.

Dr Buxton took with her to the field no more than a layman's knowledge of such matters and her aim in the present work is to explain clearly and with much detail the indigenous complex of disease. She refers to Mandari doctors and specialists as such without the qualification of inverted commas, and lets us see how differences of opinion and the recognition of the need for experiment exist as much among them as they do in our own medical profession. The excellence of the field-work alone should encourage colleagues specializing in this field to emulate her example and to defer the juxtaposition of Western and non-Western concepts until the latter have been fully understood.

The book is divided into five parts—Cosmology and Cults, Personal Identity, Medico-Religious Practice, Rituals of the Community, Visual and Sensory Perception: Symbolic Statement. These sections group together twenty-one essays under the general headings, cleverly arranged so that, although the argument is not always cumulative, the ethnographic matter is progressively filled in. The effect is a kind of circularity, as though Dr Buxton had taken to heart the admonition of the Mandari elders: "In Mandari there is no single path as there is for people with writing." One can start the book almost at any point and read backwards and forwards and in the process assimilate more about the Mandari than one often does from a book with m... exclusive argument.

What is most noticeable thro... out is Dr Buxton's intellectual ... esty and courage. There is sca... a page in which we do not fe... struggle with meaning and the ... termination to be as true as po... to the Mandari experience. I... received jargon and convent... modes of explanation must be ... rificed in this endeavour, they ... allowed to go. One example of ... must serve; the concluding se... brings some of the central th... of the work together in a discu... of Mandari colour associations ... here the author brings to bear ... life-long interest in visual art ... wide reading in the theory of co... perception and in psychology ... the authority of her exper... among the Mandari to offer a ... but delicately argued challen... many received anthropological ... on this subject. This is one o... most stimulating and intellect... liberating monographs of ... decade.

Jean Buxton died while ... proofs of this book were in ... Her last work is pervaded b... character. The thoroughgoing ... esty and the courage are there ... the humility. It is not merel... she writes about the Mandari ... affection and respect, she wri... one who was profoundly conc... to learn from them.

POSTAGE: INLAND 4p. ABROAD ...

The straight line from Shang to Mao

...tempts to compress the whole of Chinese history from the Shang dynasty (c 1500 BC) down ...dern times, together with the ...mporary scene, bear a strong ...blance to the similarly point... effort involved in trying to ... a quart into a pint pot. ...theless, in the present climate ... efforts evidently have to be ... in order to satisfy the wide varied interest being shown ... the new, influential China ...ing positively on to the world ...ical, economic and social stage ... the convulsions of the Cultural ...lution. It is the task of the jour... to explain the contemporary ..., but the present need to make ...re systematic and retrospective ...ination of China has led to a ...n and remarkably appropriate ...ming in print of a series of ...s devoted to various aspects of ...se culture.

...na's *Three Thousand Years* ...ins a series of studies contribu... by a small group of specialists, ...ust being a summing up by a ...alist of the most recent events. ...r a short introduction by Louis ..., C. P. Fitzgerald discusses ...se civilization, covering philo... ...y and religion, art and literature. ...el Freeberne discusses the land ... its people. Professor Fitzgerald ...ms to discuss the history down ...940. Then, in the longest single ..., Brian Hook discusses the ...ern history. David Bonavia con... ...s with a summary and some ...ral observations on China in the ... today.

...rofessor Fitzgerald has dealt ...factorily, indeed with his accus... ...d skill, with the problem of com... ...sion so far as the general reader ...ncerned, but on the art-historical ... has meted out somewhat cavalier ...ment to certain aspects—for ...nce, the Shang material and ... allowed some of the most recent ...rial to slip past him unread, un... ...ted or undigested. In his need ...mpress he has also allowed a ...e of perfunctoriness to appear ... history, notwithstanding the ...able clarity with which he ...s.

...introducing Mr Freeberne's geo... ...ical section, a new departure ... been made in the method of pre... ...tion of culture and history. This ...ld have been a more stimulating ... indeed enthralling section than ... turns out to be the case, ...ugh packed with information ...is undoubtedly useful. The most ... aspect of this section is that ... only map associated with it is ... of the modern population; the ...e omission of maps indicating ... fundamental physical north/ ...and south/east divisions, which ... to explain so much of China's ...al evolution, and of the areas ...ic cropping and mineral distri... ...n, detracts seriously from a ..., relatively thorough descrip... ... to which is appended a brief ...er on recent geo-economic deve... ...ents. There is a preoccupation ... statistics which is likely to ... many readers on account of ... almost inconceivable immensity ... figures; percentages would ... more comprehensible in this ...al context.

...y far the most impressive and ...sting section is that by Mr ..., whose intimate knowledge and ...athetic approach allow him to ... with great clarity and pertin... ... the sordid tale of the nine... ...century European attempts ... up China in the interest of .... He also elucidates with ...standing the painful and tur... ... succession of the early revo... ...ary years, and, so far as it is ...ble to know them, the events of ... Cultural Revolution. At this ... he permits himself a modest ... of interpretation, but he is ... and refrains from what ... have been a tempting oppor... ... to forecast future develop... ...s in social and political events. ... in his account is the ...ledgement of the very real ...ences that exist between the ...-Leninist factors of com... ..., which have governed ... growth against an urban and ... partly industrialized back-ground, and the Maoist approach to communism, in which the fundamental factor has been an agrarian one, and one which forced itself more to the fore the more attempts were made to build on the Russian pattern of communism. The Chinese brand seems superficially, from this account at least, to be in many respects more in sympathy with human aspirations and the need for a compassionate morality and ethic than the Russian one, but the truth of this must lie in the future.

LOUIS HEREN and others:

China's Three Thousand Years

252pp. Times Newspapers. Paperback, £1.30.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE (Editor):

Half the World

The History and Culture of China and Japan

368pp including 530 illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £8.50.

BAMBER GASCOIGNE:

The Treasures and Dynasties of China

256pp. Cape. £4.95.

Mr Bonavia sums up the present situation and takes an optimistic view of China's future, but is prepared to do so only on condition that Europe becomes more sensitive to Chinese attitudes and aspirations. All through the book, the emphasis on the political and economic aspects forms an interesting contrast to Arnold Toynbee's *Half the World*, which again is a cultural history with extended essays by specialists in the slightly wider and more complex field implied in the title. For instance, a much broader view is taken here of what constitute valid factors of growth, and the approach is more firmly based on the structure and character of the society, so that while *Half the World* contrasts with *China's Three Thousand Years* it also supplements it. The contributors, all academics of considerable standing, have submitted scholarly papers of varying weight and length supported by some interesting illustrative material and an admirable selection of maps, with margin references throughout the text.

Although there has always been a close cultural relationship between China and Japan, with Japan predominantly on the receiving end, it is axiomatic that there are very real differences between the two cultures, and the contrast is nowhere better demonstrated than in the comparison of the two history essays by D. C. Twitchett on China and C. D. Sheldon on Japan. In the first there is a centralized development in politics, economics and society while in the latter there is a degree of confusion with a discrete series of evolutions in society which is finally distilled into statehood only at the time of the Meiji Restoration. The centralized nature of Chinese government had to some extent already resulted in the acquisition of nationalist tendencies as early as the T'ang dynasty. Part of the reason is to be found in the respect implicit in the Confucian tradition for a hierarchic structure based on a father-son relationship with a morality of a high order, in which the dignity of the individual was at least ideally respected.

The fact that the system did not always work and the ideals were only rarely achieved is largely accounted for by human weakness and the cussedness of the times. The Japanese, on the other hand, were more strongly influenced by an immediate need for personal allegiances, each of which tended to be localized within its own geographic and economic setting so that only an exceptional leader and statesman could exert sufficient pressure on all groups to unify and retain them under central control. The fact that the Tokugawa Shoguns were the first to succeed in holding Japan unified and stable for any length of time is some indication of the immensity of the problem in an island empire.

The other contributions cover philosophy, religion, literature, science and technology, first contacts with Europe, and the more recent revolutionary events in both countries. Each paper contains interesting and often provocative material, such as the very intriguing suggestion, by S. Nakayama on "Science and Technology in China", that not only was progress of scientific thought and research impeded by the lack of open debate, as in medieval Europe, but that the existence from an early stage of a written tradition and the reverence for the written word positively inhibited free discussion of scientific theory. The European attitude was more adventurous, in his view, because the written word came so late in the West that the individual was compelled to explore by logical argument and to travel in search of learning, unlike the Chinese who sat at home with his books and indulged in self-tuition. In the field of technology, which was not by Chinese standards an academic discipline, the advances were real and continued largely unimpeded, a factor which Paul A. Cohen, writing of the Western impact on China and Japan, takes into account, pointing out that it was in technology that China made her most important contribution to Europe's modernization.

One point particularly stressed is the open-mindedness of the early European—principally Jesuit—visitors to what China had to give; a situation which in the nineteenth century was to be reversed to exacerbate the problem of European expansion in the face of China's self-sufficiency.

The Japanese, having for centuries benefited from her communications with the Asiatic mainland, gave the West a better welcome and moreover permitted a large number of Jesuits to carry on missionary work with some success. It was, however, what Mr Cohen calls "the high visibility of the Japanese Church" that resulted in the devastating events leading to the closure of Japan, except to the tightly-controlled Dutch community in Nagasaki. It is ironical that out of the very limitation of contact there developed a new relationship keyed to scientific learning, which was to lead to total reform and modernization. The final contribution, by Jean Chesneaux on "China, Korea and Vietnam in the modern world", broadens the basis of Brian Hook's review and supplements it by showing up the long-standing love-hate relationship of these two latter countries with China which even now is almost unchanged. The generous number of maps, the chronological table, the bibliographies and the rather good index make this a valuable addition to the general literature which in so timely a manner is being enlarged.

Very different, of necessity, is Bamber Gascoigne's attempt single-handed to put Chinese history and culture from Shang to modern times between boards in a single volume, with admirable illustrations by Christina Gascoigne and Donald Witty. In *The Treasures and Dynasties of China*, a highly personal approach is made, with numerous quotations from translations of poetry and prose (these are really the treasures). Not unnaturally a large part of the Yüan chapter is given over to Marco Polo, while the Ming chapter includes much from sources on Matteo Ricci and the Jesuit literature. It is unreasonable to expect more than a skimming of the surface, but it could perhaps have been more evenly accomplished. The result is readable enough, but a false impression is too often conveyed of a sometimes ideal existence in the Flowery Kingdom, an impression chiefly conveyed by the extensive quotations from the writings of Chinese literati, who constituted only a very small part of society. Nevertheless, and despite the irrelevance of so much of the admirable illustration, it may well stimulate questions on the art and culture as well as the political history, some of which may be partly answered by referring to the sources quoted, of which a formidable list is given at the end.

1974

will see the publication of many books of note – not a few under the Macmillan London imprint – but without doubt one of the most distinguished and enjoyable will be PENTIMENTO – Lillian Hellman's brilliant new volume of autobiography which she began so memorably with AN UNFINISHED WOMAN – Macmillan are proud to publish PENTIMENTO in April at £3.50

Many happy Englands

C. C. ELDRIDGE:

England's Mission
The Imperial Idea in the Age of Gladstone and Disraeli, 1868-1880.

288pp. Macmillan. £6.

In *England's Mission* C. C. Eldridge has done a service to historians and students alike in disentangling the complex of ideas, ambitions and vested interests that make up the attitude of Britain to her overseas possessions between 1868 and 1880, although it should be said that he does not include India except by implication. His subtitle, "The Imperial Idea in the Age of Gladstone and Disraeli", is misleading because, as Professor Thornton made clear, imperial ideas belong strictly to the end of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth century; his chosen period 1868 to 1880 marks the transition between the ascendancy of Free Trade, which lasted till 1870, and the dawning idea that a colonial empire might be more of an asset than a liability in the years when the balance of power was of vital importance.

Gladstone, who became Prime Minister in 1868, looked forward to the creation of "so many happy Englands"; he envisaged self-government and self-defence for the colonies and reduced colonial expenditure for the mother country. Not unnaturally this policy was widely popular, but when Lord Granville, his colonial secretary, sought to put it into effect by withdrawing the last British battalion from New Zealand in 1869, he ran into very heavy weather. Much the same could be said of North America: New Zealand had a Maori war on her hands, and Canada felt nervous of an invasion under Fenian influences from the United States. The logic was obvious: the presence of British troops encouraged a responsibly governed colony to prefer the risk of military disaster which would surely involve fresh troops being sent from England, to the disagreeable and costly step of either raising its own military force or coming to some compromise with the Maoris. In the end New Zealand was pacified with a British guarantee for a loan of a million pounds, and Canada found that earlier fears had been exaggerated, particularly when British Columbia joined the Federation.

Meanwhile, the Gladstonian policy of ensuring a peaceful separation, should it occur, was being interpreted as a desire to see the dismemberment of the Empire: there was violent opposition. The Cannon Street meetings which lasted from November 1869 until January 1870 attracted much attention in the press and some in Parliament.

For a reader today they seem to bear a strong resemblance to Lord Beaverbrook's Empire Crusade of forty years ago. There was the same motley crowd of place-seeking publicists, dim MP's and colonial representatives, of whom no one knew anything in their own countries, as well as commercial men with axes to grind. There was same talk of imperial federation, but no one produced any particularly convincing argument why Canada, Australia and New Zealand should yield any of their legislative authority to an inchoate assembly many thousands of miles away. Nevertheless, the Colonial Society (later Royal Colonial Society) was born from this agitation, Granville got a severe fright, and Gladstone realized that peaceful separation was not "on" for the time being.

Disraeli's Crystal Palace speech in 1872, though cast in his usual gnomic language, has been considered by distinguished scholars as a landmark in the history of the Conservative Party in that it initiated the connexion between Imperialism and Conservatism. Yet it did not evoke any immediate response. While not opposing the granting of self-government Disraeli referred to the need for an imperial tariff, a military code and some form of representative council in London. Also the old hobbyhorse of Britain's enjoyment of the unappropriated lands was trotted out, as if their existence would be the cure for unemployment and over-population in this country. The speech was not so much an exercise in chiroyance as a gambit in the old game of dishing the Whigs, where Disraeli's expertness was unchallengable.

There was certainly no change in colonial policy when he came to power and Carnarvon succeeded Granville at the Colonial Office. Both these noblemen dealt with colonial problems as they dealt with their estates, where tenants had and caused troubles, but where their agents—in this case the Department—were usually right and ought not to be interfered with lightly. Apart from the Suez Canal purchase and the promotion of the Queen to Empress of India, the annexation of the Fiji Islands was the most notable colonial event under Disraeli—and this came much more from the energy of the Commissioners, Goodenough and Layard, than from any official promptings. No concentrated effort was ever made to deal with South Africa, and the Zulu and Afghan wars brought the decade to a melancholy conclusion.

The fact was that Disraeli saw his responsibilities in Palmerstonian terms. The emergence of Germany as the major continental power after 1870 and her industrial progress upset preconceived notions of the power balance. Perhaps one day Britain's overseas possessions could help to restore her position but, although Indian troops went as far as Malta, Disraeli did not have the illusions that the two jubilees engendered ten years later. Lord Blake has pointed out that the use of small-scale maps are deleterious to the judgments of statesmen, but it would have taken a very small-scale map indeed to give Disraeli the idea of restoring Britain's position by colonial expansion, and Dr Eldridge does not ascribe it to him.

The book's title, *England's Mission*, might be thought to indicate some preoccupation with the missionary societies whose heyday this was. Such is not the case. Dr Eldridge pays tribute to the Aborigines Protection Society and the British Anti-Slavery Society for their achievement in getting the government to ordain the abolition of domestic slavery in the Gold Coast in 1874, but his interests are exclusively in politics. His extensive bibliography shows the depth of his research, which gives this book a special validity even in such a well-tilled field.

Into Africa

TIMOTHY SEVERIN:

The African Adventure

288pp. Hamish Hamilton. £5.

Africa was not quite Western man's last geographical conquest, but it was the mightiest of such undertakings until the conquest of space was put in hand after the Second World War. Today only two nations have the resources to lead mankind into space, the Americans and Russians; 150 years ago, it was primarily the British who opened up the darkest and most forbidding of the continents. Among the achievements of the Victorian age, this was one of the greatest, and in *The African Adventure*, scholarly as well as readable (and the pictures are wonderfully well chosen by Sarah Waters and superbly reproduced by the Japanese printers), Timothy Severin most effectively conveys the excitement and wonder that was evoked as discovery followed discovery, by the unfolding of another new world. The fading of that first rapture when the major exploration work was finally completed, with Stanley's two great transcontinental feats, provides an interesting parallel with contemporary public reactions to the near-marvellous exploration of the moon in recent years. Once the great mysteries had been unveiled, only the mundane, restricted and ignoble pleasures of the military, colonial and financial rape of the helpless continent ensued.

Africa was a great testing ground of Victorian technology, and Mr Severin offers us the best succinct account of it so far. But for that technology, the earlier failures might have been prolonged; some of Mr Severin's best descriptions deal with pioneers like Bruce, Park, Clapperton and the Landers, whose preparations were hardly more elaborate (save for the accumulation of barter-goods in place of guineas) than if they had been touring Italy. It was the industrial revolution that bore the next wave through to the lakes and river-sources. What rocket propulsion and electronics are to the astronaut, steam launches, repeating rifles, tinned food, rubberized cloth, cameras and the like were to the Victorians in Africa. Mr Severin tells us that their trails were littered with abandoned gadgets and instruments. Their weakest point was their medicine chests—they did all their work, for example, before Ross discovered the vector of malaria (though Richard Burton was given a hint of it in Harar in 1855 and missed an epoch-making discovery there too). Yet they mostly survived the worst that the climate, parasites and micro-organisms could do to them.

It is always fascinating to watch bygone technology wrestling with the problems of its time. But the Victorian explorers had a dimension absent from modern spacemanship—their vivid and idiosyncratic personalities. There has been nothing like the duel between Burton and Speke, the controversies over Stanley's methods, the inside history of Livingstone's intransigence and showmanship. An almost faceless teamwork is today's triumph; individualism was theirs. The African adventure is warm and human, absurd as well as splendid, as it emerges from Mr Severin's book. It is in the main a very British story. The great African explorers did more than penetrate Africa's inaccessibilities and try out inventions. They were also feeding back pride of race and self-confidence to the national ego. If our generals were usually idiots, if our nobility egregiously mishandled political and social power, if the ancient universities remained sullenly sunk in obscurantism, the explorers, like the engineers, inventors and entrepreneurs, showed that the nation bubbled with energy and held world leadership. British gentlemen". Gladstone thought—and he may well have been right—that no man connected with the City could make a good Chancellor of the Exchequer. Goschen had been a member of the merchant bank, Frühling and Goschen, and someone remarked: "There was always the flavour of the bondholder about him." Some readers may well think that Goschen, in the 1880s, was the first English statesman to use the word "okay", but reflection suggests that this must have been an aside of Professor Skinner which has somehow found its way into Goschen's letter.

Goschen is usually pictured as a safe, plodding politician—comfortably in the lead of the second rank. In fact Professor Skinner shows us that, correct as this estimate is, he hid behind it an anxious, restless nature which made him an uncomfortable colleague and explains his relative lack of stature in the Conservative Party and also why it may have been easy for Churchill to forget him. He was a fidget who was incapable of sitting on the Front Bench for more than ten minutes and maintained a running, audible commentary on the speeches to which he was listening. Florence Nightingale said crudely but probably truthfully: "His is an awkward mind like a pudding, it jumps."

But with these personal disadvantages he had a profound feeling for the greatness of his country which he combined—except on financial matters—with broad and spacious views. He merits the reminder of his gifts which is given with conspicuous fairness in this biography.

Regional radicals

J. T. WARD:

Chartism

286pp. Batsford. £3.80 (paperback £1.60).

Chartism is the context in which such words as "masses" and "working-class" first developed the power they have never since lost in political discourse. It was, in the modern sense, "a movement". The provisions of the People's Charter now form virtually a stock definition of what we call democracy. But the fires of Chartist rhetoric are not quenched. Lovett and O'Connor, Harney and Vincent, set a style of popular oratory which endures today in the British Isles.

The Chartists concentrated on what a later Liberator has called "the political kingdom", assuming that everything else would flow from that capture. They certainly had not attained that kingdom through the reform of 1832, which enfranchised only 13½ per cent of the male population—compared with 10 per cent in the reign of Queen Anne. But the interesting things about Chartism were not so much its demands but its urban character and self-generated leadership, together with its reliance on a vigorous, cheap, popular press. In it we can follow the often repeated story of splinter groups and manifestos, mass meetings and demonstrations, controversy over tactics, compromise with authority and outflanking movements to the left, which have been the stuff of modern popular movements.

J. T. Ward emphasizes the peculiarly native character of Chartism and it is fair to say that, while Harney mixed with continental revolutionaries, and one cannot overlook the strong Irish element in the leadership, Chartism was tailor-made for the first modern industrial society. But it is important to remember that unlike earlier radical movements it was not centred on London. Chartism was predominantly a provincial (or, as we like to say today, a regional) movement.

Chartism is not an altogether satisfactory summary of this extraordinary story. Too much time is wasted on a rather conventional outline of political development during the half-century leading up to the formulation of the Charter. Their generalities vanish with a vengeance, just when they are needed most, and we are exposed to the full force of Mr Ward's encyclopedic knowledge of detail. Encyclopedic is the word, for the evidence of card indexes is all too apparent. Mr Ward is incapable of mentioning a committee without listing its entire membership (and probably the votes each member got); on sporadic rioting without giving every locality in which it occurred. Strings of names running to twenty or more are not uncommon, and produce a kind of bewilderment in even the most attentive reader.

This obsession with detail is accompanied by an assumption that the reader will be thoroughly familiar with the main issues of English and Irish politics during the Chartist decade. Before attempting this work the student would be well advised to consult some general history such as Halévy or Asa Briggs. Even so, it will not always be easy for him to work out the interaction of Chartism with the other major political issues of the day, and this background should have been etched in more clearly than it is.

Of course, the obsession with detail is not all loss. There are some excellent cameos, such as the confrontation between Feargus O'Connor and Police Commissioner Mayne, which saved London from a bloodbath in 1848; and it is curious to know that two American names which have passed into history belong to Chartist emigrants: Pinkerton and Carnegie. But a Scottish university teacher such as Mr Ward should know how to spell Dugald Stewart (if not Judge Jeffreys), and ought not to have missed the fact that one of the most important features of early industrial Glasgow was the chemical industry.

Mr Ward does not allow his general sympathy for Chartism to run away with his judgment of its leaders. There is no overturning of orthodoxies here, and no hero-worship. O'Connor comes out of this book as badly as he has come out of any other—feckless, over-fertile in half-baked ideas, egotistical, and lacking in final courage. If Chartism had a hero it was Lovett, the moderate man of principle who could show he was not afraid of responsibility in a crisis. There is a gentle nobility about Lovett which is unmistakable. Owen (not, strictly speaking, a Chartist) Mr Ward can hardly mention without a sneer.

As Mr Ward says, "The most impressive and moving thing about Chartist history was that despite all its charlatans, cowards and crooks, the movement retained the devoted loyalty of so many working men." Impressive, yes, and moving too; but is it satisfactory that so many working men should have devotedly followed such charlatans, crooks and cowards?

Apostate Liberal

THOMAS J. SPINNER, Jr.:

George Joachim Goschen
The Transformation of a Victorian Liberal.

263pp. Cambridge University Press. £4.90.

When Goschen left the Liberal Party over Ireland and was defeated for Edinburgh in the 1886 General Election, Gladstone commented: "The men of Edinburgh have gladdened my soul"; and in reply his closest political associate wrote: "I am glad to see you as little Christian about Goschen as I am." The reason for the Liberal relish over Goschen's discomfiture was that the fallen Liberal was an apostate and, as was true of the most celebrated and devilish of his kind, an apostate of resource and ability. As a Liberal he had made an excellent First Lord of the Admiralty, and as a Conservative he made a moderately successful Chancellor of the Exchequer. He looms large for us as the man whom Randolph Churchill forgot.

In 1911 a sound biography of Goschen was written by Arthur Elliot—a comrade in apostasy but a man of learning who edited the *Edinburgh Review* for several years and well understood the stream of political history. Thomas J. Spinner, in this skilful study, gives Goschen a more up-to-date look, tracing the gradual triumph of a naturally Conservative mind over the fancies of youth. Here and there Professor Spinner indulges in words which may send a slight shudder through his more old-fashioned readers; British politics, he tells us, in the days of Disraeli and Gladstone were "neatly polarized between two charismatic leaders".

Naturally there is much in Professor Spinner's book which is new to those familiar with the earlier one. Dealing first with passing masters, we realize that Queen Victoria's correspondence with Goschen, appealing to him to act against Gladstone, was not rendered less dangerous by being sent, in at any rate one instance, to Mrs Goschen through a lady-in-waiting, ending with the assertion that the Queen ought not to appeal in vain to

Prophet margins

JEAN GIONO:

Le Déserteur et autres récits

310pp. Paris: Gallimard. 27fr.

These four texts, previously published only in limited editions (one of them, "Le Grand Théâtre", in fact figured in possibly the most exclusive book ever, encrusted with gems by Salvador Dali, weighing 60 pounds and valued at more than a million dollars), are justifiably termed *récits* rather than essays. These speculations on art, on man's relationship with the physical world and on human destiny are narrated, characteristically, with great zest. In an eloquent preface, Henri Fluchère accurately likens Giono to the Ancient Mariner.

"Le Déserteur" relates the strange tale of Charles-Frédéric Brun, who deserted France and his social class to settle in a remote Swiss valley around 1850, there to execute a series of naive ex-votive paintings. Giono hogers and maintains the mystery of this man's reasons for fleeing. Despite assiduous detective work he basically respects Brun's idiosyncrasy. In so doing he voices his lifelong lesson: "La vie contemplative fait descendre au fond de secrets précipices." Substituting mindfully, Brun is imagined as succeeding in his goal of devising a satisfactory soul for himself ("Qui rêve dirne"), of achieving in fact "un petit paradis terrestre". He is the archetypal Giono hero, the enigmatic stranger round whom amazed locals construct a legend, an aristocrat of the will. As such, he injects drama into provincial lives usually starved of this essential sustenance, for "le loup le plus horrible, c'est l'ennui". Artfully, Giono keeps Brun as a layman, as a pagan healer.

"La Pierre" is a theme with variations on what stone has meant to men through the ages. Upstaging Bachelard, Giono describes stone as permeable, malleable and exploitable, by warriors, alchemists and architects. The main theme is projection: stone as a missile or as an externalization of human fears or desires. Linked with projection is self-appropriation, prehension. Giono tells of his hobby of buying, in imagination, exquisite Italian churches and mentally rearranging their layout to provide the perfect context for his pleasure. He has an anti-Pascalian preference for the chase over the quarry. Here, as always, he is an enormously affirmative writer.

"Arcadie . . . Arcadie . . ." is another of his texts on Provence, that is on Giono himself expanded to embrace a geographical area. The people of this region are depicted as self-sufficient yet bonded to a land full of surprises and empty of commonplaces, except those foisted on it by ignorant outsiders or treacherous insiders. The stress falls on the private, small-scale organization of happiness, as against large-scale economic planning. The privately-owned small olive grove is shown as a library in which the owner can pursue life's meaning, whereas modern olive-oil factories produce only insipidity.

Bookishness is wedded to daily life: the remembered smells of an old oil-press blend with the imagined penultimate stage of the Minotaur's labyrinth. The tone throughout is cocksure, as when Giono describes Riviera beaches as a mass display of human penmican. He ends with a puckish pirouette: "C'est quand on prend les hommes au sérieux que les bêtises commencent."

In "Le Grand Théâtre", as in *Le Poids du ciel* of 1938, Giono performs his version of a Hugolesque flight of life, death and human destiny. Lying on a Manosque roof at night in summertime, his autodidact father, an anarchist shoemaker, informs his young son of the true meaning of Apocalypse. It is not, he argues to his captive audience, the final annihilation of everything human, but rather a constant reminder of a universe in a state of perpetual flux. Uncle Eugène, deaf, soon to be blind and paralytic, is claimed to be closer than whole men to the desirable condition of living in a personalized universe. Giono's eudemonism is here at its most paradoxical, perhaps its most obtuse. He can never miss profiteering off any experience, even death.

After chapel

MOIRA DEARNLEY:

That Watery Glass

210pp. Christopher Davies. £2.

"And now", says the heroine of Moira Dearnley's novel, on page 123, having assembled this group of brilliant people,

what am I to do with them? After an exposition of Wyatt's debt to Petrarch, a high-powered intellectual discussion, verbal thrusts and parries across the table, occasional skirmishes to broadside with the ladies at the next table, would be *de trop*, even if such a conversation had taken place, which it did not.

True. It do not. Not on that or any other occasion in the narrative entrusted (apart from a brief depersonalized prologue and epilogue) to this same coyly conceited pedant. There is no high-powered discussion, there are very few verbal thrusts and parries of any account and skirmishes to broadside are flustered scuffles in small hostel rooms of the University, situated in a modest Welsh town.

University novels are remarkably difficult to bring off: it is necessary to invent academics and students who are convincingly intelligent, for all their posturing, and if an author is daring enough to include tutorials, learned discussions, sober reflection or even party chitchat, they must be genuinely clever, learned and witty. Otherwise, perhaps, the novel might relate to the town, which is probably a lot more interesting than its University. Or else the author might attempt a study of academic society which had elements of farce, sharp satirical judgments born of the type of constructive malice that exposes pretension without sneering at true intellectual values.

Mrs Dearnley's Gwendoline is firmly on the side of pretension. She is plain (but not unattractive), diffident (but not shy), prim (but not entirely virtuous). As a research student, she finds herself giving what seem to be pretty rudimentary tutorials to a group of first-year students, one of whom, a greasy redhead from London, asks her to a dance. Briskly she falls in love with him but is unable to surrender his Baptist all. The rest of the book is taken up with her struggles in repulsing this happless oaf, while at the same time producing a burning passion for him; her anguish about it all; her repeated assurances that she is brilliant; until, at last, she meets a Welsh Nationalist post-graduate chemist who looks like a Celtic god and who finds her not only attractive (his problem) but amusing (*ours*).

Profiting from her conscientious failure to seduce or submit to the red-haired Londoner, now miraculously in his second year, this character brings her to bed and impregnates her. Against all the protocols of their society, they insist on marrying in Gwendoline's Bethesda. And—we are led to believe from asides and footnotes in the earlier narrative—live happily ever after.

The intention, evidently, is to present an honestly inadequate woman, more apt for literature than life. But it does not work. There is certainly material for a good novel in the study of some gentle, virginal woman, inhibited by her upbringing, who works too hard and wants a fair crack of the ginger—and Mrs Dearnley might have written it. The trouble is that she mistakes a farragon of quotation and allusion, along with the kindergarten reference to Wittgenstein and Freud, for a portrait of an erudite and sensitive person. As it turns out, Gwendoline is the sort of woman who, as they might say in her home town, gives culture a bad name.

There are some good things. In the context of the small town, Mrs Dearnley catches accurately the desperation and sexual frustration of a timidly questing girl who does not want to upset people. She portrays well the boorishness of young males who think they are bright and the claustrophobia of a women's hostel. One moment is worthy of the best traditions of Welsh comic writing—when the parents of the distressed and overworking Gwendoline suggest that she accompanies them to a death-bed in North Wales to give herself a bit of a break. Such flashes of real comedy are very rare, however, in a book which takes itself and its central character too seriously without ever managing to take its theme seriously enough.

Re-living dangerously

BRIAN CLEEVE:

The Dark Side of the Sun

284pp. Cassell. £2.50.

It is not easy to give a brief resumé of Brian Cleeve's new novel. So many things have happened, at one time or another, to the central figure, Tony Ashe-Collyer, and most of them are to be briskly re-lived while he lies stricken with malaria and dysentery. Immediately prior to this act of nearly total recall, Tony has been deported from revolutionary Pohanda, in Central Africa, narrowly escaping a death-sentence. A black sheep of long standing, he abjectly returns to live on his family's charity, becoming his brother-in-law's caretaker on what has once been his father's Irish estate. Fever dogs him; he cannot rid himself of the spectre of his one-time friend, ex-President Mohasu, publicly hanged in Pohanda's football stadium. We hear about his adventures—invading Normandy with the Commandos, smuggling in post-war Europe, gun-running in Ethiopia—and his love-affairs: Viktor, Estonian peasant-girl, killed trying to escape from a death march in 1944; warm, French Anne, wife of a general on de Gaulle's staff; cold, German Maria, the criminal baroness; beautiful, Black Mulidi, mother of his daughter Farha. And so on, right back to the maid at school. There are old friends, too: Elizabeth Magnusson, Nordic wise-woman, a witness to the savagery that preceded the Russian Revolution; Bengt, her brother, who once ruled a mining kingdom in the Urals and stole thirty million Tsarist roubles only to see them turn to wastepaper; Sindhans, the Bushman; Runo, the old Lapp story teller.

In the present, Tony manages to climb back from ruin; indeed, to a fortune—with the help of millionaire speculator Simon Good (*sic*), his old school friend. Thus fortified, he is able to do a good turn to old Tom Furlong, family servant, and do down his pompous brother-in-law at the same time. His half-caste daughter Farha provides him with much contemporary food for thought. He even manages one more woman.

If the characters have a familiar ring there are a lot of them to make up for it (those mentioned above by no means constitute an exhaustive list). They are orchestrated by Mr Cleeve with tolerable panache, but strolling picaresque is too slack a form to engage much serious concern.

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£1·80 each

COLLINS

The poet and the Baronesse

RAINER MARIA RILKE :

Briefe an Sidonie Nádherný von Borutin

Edited by Bernhard Blume.

381pp. Frankfurt: Insel. DM32.

The documentation of a writer's life can be a distraction to literary criticism. It tells us one thing about the artist: that he is human. In his art he wants to be more than human. This is the sense of Tonio Kröger's remark that one must have died (i.e., to that other life) in order to be completely a creator. Why then should evidence about the artist's way of life, his character, be allowed to affect our reaction to his art? That study can be left to the psychoanalysts (who need no encouragement) and can be an interesting pursuit in itself. Jung carefully pointed out, in a lecture given at Zürich in 1922, that psychoanalysis of the writer and psychoanalysis of the work are two different and unrelated activities, and Rilke made the same distinction between writer and work. For him the poem is complete when it is independent, governed by its own laws, remote from its maker. His enormous published correspondence is never independent of its maker; it sometimes (not always) gives the impression that he was living in his letters the life which had no place in his art, shaking it off as extravagantly as a dog which has just come out of the water.

On April 26, 1906, Sidonie Nádherný von Borutin accompanied her mother on a visit to Rodin's studio and there met the sculptor's secretary, Rainer Maria Rilke. In November of the following year Rilke visited her country home at Janowitz near Prague. A letter to his wife Clara described his enchantment with place and people, but it is the sense of place which is the dominant source of satisfaction: the "schöne Baronesse" and her brothers guide him through the mansion in the twilight, with two servants carrying heavy silver candelabra casting light into vast chambers like courtyards. When he writes to the Baronesse a year later to recall the visit (Rilke must be one of the most insistent observers of anniversaries who ever lived) his description is different and stylized; now he remembers himself as the wanderer drawn to the security of the old house and the associated history of its noble inhabitants.

These 221 letters, cards and telegrams are now part of the Richard von Mises collection in the Houghton Library at Harvard. With one exception, they have not been published before. The correspondence begins soon after that first meeting in 1906 and ends early in 1926, the year of Rilke's death. The letters move through ever-warmer degrees of relationship from "Verehrte Baronesse" to "Meine liebe liebe Sidie". It is when the mode of address is most familiar that Rilke's attitude is most restrained, as if he remembers that the amusements of life are not his reality.

The early letters tell us only what we already know—that a great poet can sometimes be a great idiot. There was something about young females of noble birth which brought out the simpering spaniel in Rilke. Even as late as 1915 he sends Sidie verses for her wedding which threaten the supremacy, in her sphere, of Julia Moore the Sweet Singer of Michigan. But when he speaks of his work, his "Aufgabe", there is a startling contrast, a hardness and resolution. Dating from the dismal days of 1915-16 fine letters pour from his pen, emerging characteristically just when he is apologizing to her for becoming "ein stumpfer Briefschreiber". All he means by this phrase, without perhaps knowing it, is that it is a time for intensity, not for ornamentation.

These later letters are a record of stunned bleakness during the war and up to the return of confidence in Switzerland, a period when (he tells her) he held his breath for four-and-a-half years. Although the facts are already known from other sources, it is exciting to read his letters to Sidie about his realization in Schloss Berg that vibrations from the old house, magically joined to memories aroused by a mere six days in his familiar Paris, are returning him to the brink of poetic utterance, so long sought with despair.

Sidie meant a great deal to him, and not only because she contributed financially to his support (he has no qualms about asking her directly for money) or could dash into Prague to order, and pay for, a Christmas cake for his grandmother. But the brittle character of their relationship is shown by what is not here—any record of his great storm of creation in February 1922. There are no letters between December 1921 and October 1922. Sidie belonged to that "other life" which had to die for a while so that his work could live. The remaining letters describe his life at Muzot, his admiration for Lawrence and Joyce, his regret that he cannot read them in the original, and the notable visit from Valéry, whose utterance after twenty years' silence reduces Rilke to the state of a mere beginner in dormant creation.

Bernhard Blume's introduction and notes are exemplary—crisp and informative, and especially interesting on a relationship only briefly touched on in the letters: Sidie's friendship with Karl Kraus.

Ideal language

F. W. J. SCHELLING :

Briefe und Dokumente

Volume II: 1775-1803. 555pp.

Edited by Horst Fuhrmans

Bonn: Bouvier. DM85.

Volume I of this edition, containing Schelling's early letters and documents relating to his life, first came out in 1962. It was an inauspicious beginning. Conceived as part of a supplement to the three volumes of G. L. Plitt's *Aus Schellings Leben* (1869 ff), it embedded hitherto unpublished letters written between 1775 and 1809 in a vast commentary and biographical narrative in which the letters looked lost and insignificant. Schelling emerged as an unattractive correspondent, concerned with the petty provincial squabbles of small university towns, affording his partners few glimpses of the inspiring talker we know him to have been, of his interesting (if muddled) philosophy, or of the great historical events in which Germany was involved in the periods of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars.

There were just a few oases of interest: a letter to Goethe about the notion of metamorphosis and its scientific application, a devaluating reference to Herder's concept of *Humanität*, a complaint to Eichstädt about the degradation of Prussia, obiter dicta which illuminated the private history of Jena Romanticism. Occasionally a letter by one of Schelling's correspondents — like Lorenz Oken's breezy and personal report on the state of Germany dated February 1, 1806—played a welcome breath of fresh air over the oppressive stuffiness of the master's own effusions.

With the second volume, which appears after a lapse of eleven years, the overall plan of the edition has changed. It is now to be a complete collection of Schelling's letters, together with a selection of letters to him and documents relating to his life and thought. Volume II therefore represents the first instalment of a two-part supplement to Volume I. This has occasioned some duplication—letters already printed in the critical and biographical apparatus of the first volume appear again in the second. It also necessitates some akward turning from one volume to the other if one wants to read Schelling's letters in sequence. There is, however, a system of cross-referencing which minimizes this inevitable inconvenience.

Volume II confirms the impression that Schelling was not, in general, a natural and attractive letter-writer. His creative energies clearly flowed in other directions. It confirms also that he carried on his work as a philosopher, teacher and editor in a stifling atmosphere of malicious provincial gossip, backbiting and slander, and that many of his most important letters are now lost or inaccessible and have to be reconstructed from such answers as Schelling himself chose to preserve. As in the previous volume, editorial principles have not been made as clear as one might wish. What has governed the selection—and shortening—of letters from Schelling's correspondents? What has governed the selection of "documents"? Why—for instance—are we given Schelling's "Glaubensbekenntnis Heinz Widerporstens" but not other poems? Above all, why has the editor taken it upon himself, in what he himself now calls a *Gesamtausgabe*, to *abbreviate* such letters as the one Schelling wrote to his parents on April 3, 1796? The least the reader should be able to expect from such a large and expensive edition is the full text of all available letters from Schelling himself. One may also regret that the text of most of the letters in Volume II had to be taken over from Plitt's nineteenth-century edition; only rarely has it been possible to compare that text with the original holographs.

With these reservations the edition may now be welcomed. The new volume makes accessible again the important letters which passed between Schelling and Hegel in the 1790s; letters whose very imagery (*wegräumen, zertrümmern, Revolution, Morgenröte* . . .) confirms Heine's view that what went on in German idealist philosophy was the spiritual equivalent of what the French Revolution accomplished in the political and social sphere. It also contains important material for the biographies of Schiller and Hölderlin: there is a marvellous pen-portrait of Schiller in a letter the young Schelling wrote to his parents on April 29, 1796, which shows what Schelling could do when he was not too busy with other things. Chroniclers of the early history of Romanticism will find a good deal of grist for their own particular mills, though most of it has not escaped the sharp eyes of Josef Körner and may therefore be gleaned from the pages of *Krisenjahre der Frühromantik* as easily as from this edition.

Most important of all: Volume II contains documents essential for an understanding of German idealist philosophy and its evolution. We can here observe Schelling's struggles to distance his own brand of idealism from that of Fichte; his attempt to found an Aesthetic which would deal with *Kunst an sich* without recourse to empirical investigation; his at first close and then cooling relations with Hegel; his growing admiration for Schleiermacher's views on religion; and his early preoccupation with Spinoza as well as with Swabian mystics like Oetinger.

The editor's annotations to Volume II usefully fill in the background without swamping the text. There has, however, been some confusion over the numbering of footnotes (on pages 471, 482 and 492) which will no doubt be corrected in subsequent volumes.

A year of *gaffes*

STEPHANE MALLARMÉ :

Correspondance IV 1890-1891

Edited by Henri Mondor and Lloyd James Austin

Volume 1: Textes et notes. 354pp.

Volume 2: Supplément aux tomes I, II et III. Tables. pp 356-660.

Paris: Gallimard. 97fr the set.

In 1890-91 Mallarmé was nearing the height of his fame; which accounts for a considerable increase in his correspondence; 111 were previously unpublished and fifty-seven appear in full for the first time. As we have learnt to expect, fifty-four letters are "fantômes", Lloyd James Austin's word for letters which have not been found, but are known from available replies to have been written.

In February 1890, Mallarmé spent nine days in Belgium giving a series of lectures on Villiers de L'Isle-Adam at all the principal cities. His reception was rather mixed, but fortunately there was nothing comparable to the disasters that Baudelaire suffered in 1864. The first lecture took place in Brussels and lasted two-and-a-half hours. In a letter to his family he described the audience as "gens d'une patience d'ange, mais peu amusés. . . . Les bravos de rigueur." He fared better at Antwerp, where he reduced his lecture to half its original length. "Public parfait", he said in the next letter, "ahuri d'abord des premiers mots, puis se laissant gagner à cause de la sincérité du sermonnaire. . . ." The reactions of the audiences at Ghent and Liège were virtually identical: "un public, ébahi aux premiers mots, et se laissant gagner très loyalement"; "le public toujours abasourdi au début s'est laissé en trainer. . . ."

Professor Austin concludes that people of mediocre intelligence found the lectures incomprehensible and that Mallarmé's admirers were tremendously impressed. We certainly have the impression that the intense bewilderment at the start came from the low-brows, and that as the lecture progressed was replaced by the deep respect of the intellectuals. This impression is confirmed by events. Although local newspaper reporters pandered to the unintelligent—at Ghent one of them described the lecture vindictively as "exécrable"—victory went to the intellectuals. Before his departure all the towns invited Mallarmé to return the following year, except Brussels, where Baudelaire had come to grief.

Mallarmé was in poor health in the spring of 1891 and was granted six months' sick leave. He spent most of it at Valvins but though he was busy working Professor Austin observes that there were already signs of a "certain ralentissement". Fortunately negotiations with his publisher were smoother than in the past, and Mallarmé seemed more concerned with standards of production than with payment of royalties.

In a letter to the young Henri de Régnier, written shortly before his return to Paris, he mentions an unfortunate incident which had been a source of distress to him during the last days of his holiday. His famous interview with Jules Huret was the innocent cause of a dispute between Catulle Mendès and Viélé-Griffin, and this in turn led to a duel in which Viélé-Griffin was slightly wounded. It was not the only event of its kind. In April there had been a duel with pistols between Félicien Champsaur and Jules Lemaitre, which luckily ended by both of them missing their target. Mallarmé's rebuke to Champsaur was very mild, but this kind of quarrel was one of the reasons for his feeling of disillusionment with the literary life which he describes in the same letter. "L'année qui s'achève s'appellera celle des gaffes dans notre existence. . . . La littérature devient très drôle, il y a quelque chose d'impudique à paraître y tenir par quelque lien."

Indifferent health and disillusionment did nothing to stop Mallarmé's kindly actions on behalf of fellow writers and artists. One of the most important was the sale of Whistler's portrait of his mother. Subscribers aimed at raising 25,000 francs and presenting the painting to the Louvre. It was eventually bought direct by the State for a mere 4,000, though the deal was accompanied by Whistler's promotion from "Chevalier" to "Officier" of the Legion of Honour.

The present volume of letters makes pleasant though unexciting reading. Mallarmé's charm and generosity are reflected in many of them, particularly those to his family—his daughter is addressed as "petit chat"—to close friends and in the flattering letters to writers who sent him presentation copies of their work. Oscar Wilde came off best: Mallarmé described *The Portrait of Dorian Gray* as "un miracle".

We know from previous volumes that Professor Austin is an extremely able and hard-working scholar. The footnotes, which seem to take up more space than the text, contain information essential for a full understanding of many of the letters. One of the main inconveniences of editing Mallarmé's correspondence is that the texts of missing letters have a way of coming to light shortly after the publication of the volume to which they belong. This has happened so frequently that the present volume appears in two parts. In addition to some fifty pages of "Errata et Addenda" to Volumes I, II and III, it contains 256 letters (13[illegible] of them "fantômes") written between 1867 and 1889.

In André's shadow

CLARA MALRAUX :

Voici que vient l'été

287pp. Paris: Grasset. 22fr.

It might be thought, from the title of this fourth volume of her memoirs, that Clara Malraux had got to the point of describing the high summer of her relations with the great man. The narrative runs from 1925, when André Malraux and she returned from the Far East, somewhat disappointed and certainly impoverished, up to 1936, with the Spanish Civil War and the first phase of the Nazi persecution. These years, which also saw the appearance of Malraux's major works, might have been the most fruitful decade of their marriage. But the title is, in fact, a quotation from Apollinaire which, in its complete form, runs: "Voici que vient l'été la saison violente", and it is not clear whether Mme Malraux is referring to the violence of fighting and terror or to an increase in conjugal tensions; perhaps she is thinking simultaneously of internal and external discord.

This instalment, like the preceding ones, is not very comfortable to read because Mme Malraux is still obviously ill at ease in commenting on her eminent ex-husband during his lifetime. She tends to be coy and circumlocutory; moreover, she remains imprisoned within his aura, although they separated as long ago as 1945 and were never particularly faithful to each other even when they were together. Her admiration for his genius is complete and unquestioning, and yet she tells us nothing about him that makes him appear particularly impressive; indeed rather the opposite is the case. As a result, Mme Malraux's autobiography is not a satisfactory and fully independent work; it is, to a large extent, a modest exercise on the theme of "myself in the light of my famous husband"; yet at the same time the subject is partly the struggle of a woman to achieve her own identity while being married to a man of superior powers and rather anti-feminist views. This is, no doubt, why she also uses as an epigraph a quotation from Mallarmé: "Nous fûmes deux, je le maintiens."

They were certainly two separate people, and the reader may wonder how they stuck together so long when they were so different. Malraux appears distant, self-absorbed, contemptuous and a mythomaniac; Clara is literal, with a Jewish, or perhaps simply a female, doggedness. She respects him; he does not appear to respect her. But she tags along fields for him—although occasionally accepting solace on warmer breasts—acts as organizer, interpreter and dragoman. Her one victory was to have a child by him, when he, apparently, was not keen on procreation. Otherwise, the story is not so much about the relationship between them as about their financial expedients, their contacts with other people and their journeys. One of the more substantial sections is the account of a long visit to Russia at the time of Malraux's honeymoon with the Communist Party.

Grub street

[illegible]NE WILSON :

[illegible] Drink in Britain from the [illegible] Age to recent times

[illegible] Constable. £5.

[illegible] TANNAHILL :

[illegible] in History

[illegible] Eyre Methuen £1·95.

[illegible]RD BARBER :

[illegible]g and Recipes from Rome to [illegible] Renaissance

[illegible] plus 15 plates. Allen Lane.

[illegible] GRANT :

[illegible] Daily Food

[illegible] Faber and Faber. £2.25.

[illegible] is at the moment a fashion for [illegible] studies of food, which is a [illegible] thing. The trouble is that so [illegible] one has tackled the subject [illegible] the polymath knowledge and [illegible] illuminating detail that one [illegible] in books by Fernand Braudel [illegible] Bloch.

[illegible] the meanwhile, there are four [illegible] to be going on with. The most [illegible] worthwhile is Anne Wilson's; [illegible] can write more deeply because [illegible] has restricted herself to Britain. [illegible] Tannahill takes on the world—[illegible] dash and enjoyment—from [illegible] BC to the Green Revolution, [illegible] Richard Barber, Europe from [illegible] to the Renaissance (with the [illegible] of recipes translated into [illegible] practicality).

[illegible] Miss Wilson's *Food and Drink in* [illegible] is informative on some peculiar British habits, such as pudding-[illegible] and preserving, tools in [illegible] (from the Tudors to potted [illegible]). If you want to know about [illegible] and what the word means, [illegible] wardens, quires of paper and [illegible], or the development of vegetable gardening, this is your book. [illegible] best bit is her description of [illegible] boiling, a pre-neolithic way of [illegible] meat which continued into [illegible] times. The necessary troughs [illegible] survive in places, and some Irish [illegible] archaeologists relined one of them [illegible] to work on a 10lb leg of mutton. They wrapped it in straw (following cooking hints from early Irish [illegible]), and put it in the water-trough. Stones, heated close by, [illegible] dropped in every few minutes. [illegible] the water filled up with [illegible] and ash, the mutton was perfectly cooked after 3 hours 40 [illegible]. A time cooks will recognize [illegible] formula 20 minutes to the lb, [illegible] 20.

[illegible] Tannahill, like Miss Wilson, [illegible] her reader the compliment and [illegible] of a long bibliography and list of sources of quotation and illustration, which is essential in books which have to deal with many subjects so briefly. In *Food in History* she reflects on the spice, tea and coffee trades; on chopsticks (in use from the fourth century BC); on blood sausages; on curry (which only became hot when chillis and cayenne arrived in India from America after Columbus); on famines of the Middle Ages ("when the flesh of a son was preferred to his love"); on American cooking as a "mirror of its history", a living fossil if you like; on the Englishman who was shocked that Italians had no bubble and squeak; on table manners ("Of all the regulations relating to table manners . . . that against breaking wind has had the longest life.").

From *Cooking and Recipes from Rome to the Renaissance* readers might have hoped to learn about the influence of Renaissance Italy which transformed France's hearty and Rabelaisian cookery into the finest of all Europe. But Mr Barber casually remarks that Catherine de' Medici was the mother of Louis XIII: through this extraordinary error the period of the two Medici queens is telescoped into one uninformative paragraph.

The pleasure of the book, though, is Mr Barber's gallant efforts to reconstruct Roman and medieval dishes. We are told how to prepare liquamen, the Roman taste-sharpener made from rotted fish (similar products are used in Asia today). He gives an excellent dish of chicken stuffed with oranges, from Paris in 1400, though he should have pointed out that in those days bitter oranges were the only ones available—which makes a great difference to flavour. He gives John Evelyn's scheme of salad-making, and refers to Denys Papin's original seventeenth-century pressure cooker. Recipes to be recommended are: duck with mussels, chicken with gooseberries, the early recipe for Florence's speciality of eggs poached in olive oil, and an Italian *zuppa inglese* of parsnips and grape juice thickened with egg yolk.

Many people over forty-five will remember the sensation caused during the Second World War by Doris Grant's wholemeal loaf. Apart from the flavour, its main advantage was that it required no kneading. Nowadays, it is taken for granted by many people who have never heard her name, so it is good to find that recipe in *Your Daily Food*. This is an energetic summary of most food reform themes and an ideal book of reference. Read straight through, it can be a little daunting, however well justified her strictures and exhortations may be. But her description of rats, fed on ground-up cereal cartons mixed with milk, sugar and raisins, who were healthier than rats fed on the cereals inside is a disturbing breakfast thought to go with the Rice Krispies.

Noshtalgia

[illegible]ETTE BERTHOLLE (Editor) :

[illegible] of the Great French Restau[illegible]

[illegible] Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

[illegible] told a secret is one thing, to [illegible] use of it once you know it [illegible]. This is not, it must be said, [illegible] altogether practical cookery-book, [illegible] to be held in the left hand as [illegible] beat the *beurre blanc* in the [illegible]. The recipes are mostly rather [illegible] and even if you can afford the [illegible] there remains the problem of how to lay hands on them. [illegible], for instance, do you go for [illegible] boned Corsican blackbirds for [illegible] *pâté de merles* (Fortnums? [illegible] French Embassy? Or will [illegible] blackbirds make good *pâté*. [illegible] Come to think of it, perhaps [illegible] blackbirds *are* British [illegible] birds, gone south for the [illegible].)

[illegible] of the recipes here are very [illegible], of course, but the feeling remains that *Secrets of the Great French Restaurants* is more a book for the sedentary gastronome to browse in, remembering spectacular meals eaten in France and anticipating future ones, the sinking pound permitting. What Louisette Bertholle has done—and the only way to produce a new cookery book in these days of satiety is to find just such a new *découpage*—is to publish nearly 200 recipes from restaurants favoured by the *Guide Michelin*. Some of them come from the very few three-rosette restaurants, others from two-rosette, *vaut-le-détour* restaurants, others from the quite common one-rosette restaurants, and the rest from good but unrosetted restaurants.

So there is no point in questioning the quality of Mme Bertholle's recipes, only their applicability. French cooking is still, happily, and as this book proves, regional, and it translates badly for that reason. If you cannot get what it actually takes to make a certain dish then the edible becomes the merely exemplary. As a guide to such symbolic foodstuffs, Mme Bertholle's anthology is a delight.

The University Presses of California, Cornell, Johns Hopkins

2-4 Brook St., London, W.1.

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Faunography

J. M. C. TOYNBEE :

Animals in Roman Life and Art

431pp. Thames and Hudson. £6.75.

Under the editorship of Professor H. H. Scullard, the series "Aspects of Greek and Roman Life" has established an enviable reputation for providing the scholar and the general reader alike with reliable, up-to-date surveys of topics as diverse as early Greek astronomy, Greek medicine, charities and social aid in Greece and Rome, craftsmen in Greek and Roman society, the religions of the Roman Empire and Roman farming. Jocelyn Toynbee has already contributed a volume to the series on death and burial in the Roman world. She now turns to another subject in which she has long been interested: the domestic animals which the Romans kept as pets, for food, or for use in warfare, in agriculture and in transport, and the wild beasts and birds which they hunted or captured for display as exotic curiosities, or for the bloodthirsty sports of the arena.

After a short introduction, outlining the variety of roles played by animals in Roman life and the sources which describe and illustrate them, Professor Toynbee devotes the main body of the book to a comprehensive catalogue of the animals known to the Romans, species by species. Fish get rather short shrift—a pity because they figure widely in Roman art, notably in mosaics, and also because the archaeological evidence is unusually explicit on several aspects of the rearing of fishes and of their commercial uses. No mention of the ubiquitous oyster or of the murex which produced the famous purple dye. But animals, from elephants to hares, rabbits and mice, get liberal treatment, and there is a long chapter on birds. A concluding chapter deals with the theme of the Animal Paradise. *Paradeisos* is an oriental loan word. First used by Xenophon in reference to the game parks of the Persian kings, it later came to denote the idyllic scenes of wild life which, to pagan and Christian alike, symbolize the plenty and peace of the hereafter. Already in Virgil and Horace we find the counterpart of "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb", but as a popular motif of artistic symbolism this belongs predominantly to late antiquity. A useful appendix by R. E. Walker describes Roman veterinary practice in civil and military life.

As a study of the place of animals in Roman art, this is a labour of love by a scholar who knows her subject inside out. As a treatment of the role of animals in Roman life, on the other hand, it is something of a disappointment, an anthology rather than a study. One would surely have expected, for example, some systematic account of the organization that brought so many exotic creatures to the notice of the Roman public and its artists. Much of the information is there, but one has to hunt it down through pages of "elephants", "felines", "bears", and all the rest (not forgetting to turn forward to "ostriches"), and at the end of it all one has a vivid picture of the dramatic moments that lent themselves to pictorial representation—how did one catch a tiger or load an elephant on shipboard?—but really very little idea of the elaborate commercial mechanisms that lay behind this extraordinary traffic.

This is just one instance. On the whole it is the economics of the Roman animal world that come out rather badly: little or no mention of the lively commerce in such animal products as ivory, skins, or dyes; very little about pastoralism, except as a stock theme of Roman art. Within Professor Toynbee's preferred field of Roman art, one would have welcomed her considered opinion on the relation of the artistic to the literary record, and of the relative importance in both of observation and of convention. The chapter on the Animal Paradise and the appendix on veterinary practice show what might have been been done. As it is, although the indexes are good, they are helpless in the face of so much factual information. Varro's aviary can indeed be found—in the chapter on fish.

All of this is perhaps a criticism rather of the title of the book than of its contents. About the individual beasts known to the Romans and illustrated by their artists it is a mine of information, both useful and curious. Scholars will welcome the generous proportions of notes (seventy pages). The ordinary reader reader will probably prefer to dip. The Romans, he will find, were as besotted about their pets as any modern animal-lover. Dogs were far more popular than cats. Snakes were quite common pets, but tortoises were not. Rabbits were such a pest in the Balearic Islands that the inhabitants were said to have asked for Roman military aid in dealing with them. Carrier pigeons were used at the siege of Mutina by Mark Antony in 43 BC. Guinea fowl were first introduced from Central Africa by the Ptolemies. The Roman army regularly ate beef, at any rate in Britain and on the Rhine. Ostriches were already proverbial for their stupidity, and stones from their stomachs were held to be a remedy for indigestion. There is something here for everybody. And the illustration is varied and generous.

Antæus 12

BRITISH POETRY

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R. H. BARROW (Editor) :

Prefect And Emperor

The *Relations* of Symmachus AD 384

246pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £6.25.

The late fourth century AD is now in fashion and, unlike some periods which are also currently fashionable, it has the merit of interesting literature, both pagan and Christian. Of the pagans, Ammianus Marcellinus apart, both Symmachus and the antiquarian Macrobius are fascinating, Symmachus making the younger Pliny his model in the arrangement of his letters for publication—nine books about this and that, the tenth book on government notepaper. This was his correspondence as Prefect of Rome for seven months at the end of AD 384 with his master, the thirteen-year-old Valentinian II in the West and Theodosius (aged thirty-eight) and Arcadius (aged seven) in the East, DDD.NNN.

As Prefect of Rome, Symmachus had, among other things, to watch over and represent (most vigorously when he was most unsuccessful, in the matter of the Altar of Victory in the Senate) that wealthy, out-of-touch and conceited senatorial society of which Ammianus Marcellinus has left such a venomous description. While, for the Roman mob, life was one long day at the races, their betters patronizingly distributed their favours, regarding it as past forgiveness that, if they condescended to flatter a visitor to Rome with an invitation to dinner, he should decline to accept it.

Except that, in Latin, they are not so easy to read, the first nine books of Symmachus's correspondence have certain advantages over those of his model, the younger Pliny, one of them being that he really loved being in the country and, when in the country, kept his eyes open to everything that was going on around him. In this book, however, we have the letters on government notepaper. Symmachus had plenty of worries: an inefficient staff (not of his own choosing), dishonest and intriguing bureaucrats, often cut-throat thugs, back-biting critics, concern over the food supply and a number of finicky little problems. For instance, if silver was contributed for an extravagant Lord Mayor's coach for the City Prefect and the project of building the coach was then abandoned, should the silver not be returned to those who had given it? The reader ploughs through these letters and wonders whether they were more disagreeable to write or to receive.

Disraeli said that, in dealings with royalty, flattery should be laid on with a trowel; and not so long ago there was a British civil servant, it is said, who, rebuked for drafting a letter which was altogether meaningless, asserted that a civil servant should employ "the language of dignified obscurity". Both Disraeli and the civil servant could have appealed to this correspondence of Symmachus; it is sycophantic and turgid in one. The very difficult task of translating it into intelligible English is admirably performed by that kindly scholar R. H. Barrow, author of a number of humane books on Roman history. For instance: "It is affection for your Perennities, not avidity for entertainment, that has whetted the longings of the populace."

It is difficult to know for what class of reader this book is intended. While there are introductions to the several letters and concise notes to explain points of detail, there is no introduction to give a broader background than a brief summary of Symmachus's own career and of the complicated responsibilities of a City Prefect. Why is Arcadius one of the addressees of many of the letters when, in the list of emperors, he is shown as ruling only from 395? (Not every reader will know that he was Augustus from the age of six.) How does the statement that the letters are all addressed in the first place to Valentinian accord with the fact that in many cases his name is not mentioned, and they are addressed to Theodosius and Arcadius? Why is the heading of letter fifteen, "DDD. NNN.VALENTIANO, THEODOSIO ET ARCADIO SEMPER AVGGG." but in English, "To our Lord Valentinian, for ever Augustus"? The short statement in the introduction that "Symmachus left the letters in an untidy state; some of the dispatches are addressed to emperors to whom they could not have been sent" needs expansion.

An esoteric book—for, one fears, an esoteric circle of readers.

The Etrurian spell

JAMES WELLARD :

The Search for the Etruscans

222pp. Nelson. £4.50. Sphere Books. Paperback, £1.95.

Popular books about the Etruscans tend to fall into one of two categories: books by scholars trying to present a readable synthesis of a rapidly developing subject which still bristles with question-marks, and books by laymen who believe that a more direct, subjective approach will open many doors to which scholars have lost the key. Both sides have a point. Much of the basic work of scholarship is bound to be repetitive and tedious to the non-specialist. And yet the days are long past when one could discuss a question such as that of Etruscan origins without reference to the relationship between the Bronze Age inhabitants of central Italy and the people conventionally known to archaeologists as the Proto-villanovans and Villanovans. This is the sort of relationship that defies analysis except in terms of the edifice of cumulatively significant detail which constitutes so much of the archaeologist's working armoury. Scholars might do well to limit themselves for the present to books on Etruscan art, which remains a valid and attractive subject for popular presentation.

The intuitive approach appeals to an altogether different temperament. We know what D. H. Lawrence thought of the German professor at Tarquinia, but not what the German professor at Tarquinia thought of Lawrence; and yet, although it is questionable whether Lawrence added anything to our knowledge of the historical Etruscans, he did unquestionably do a great deal to stimulate an awareness of the message of what they left behind them. The pedant who is not moved by the Veii Apollo is missing something as surely as the aesthete who cares nothing for its place in the history of art. To Lawrence what mattered was not what the Etruscans were but what he himself felt about the Etruscans. The fact that the two attitudes are incompatible in intent does not mean that they have no points of contact. Richard Burton thought the Etruscan writing on the Zagreb mummy wrappings was Runic, but at least he got excited enough about them to commission the first systematic copies. George Dennis represents common ground. He had the good fortune to travel in Etruria at a time when scholarship and sensibility could still go hand in hand. His will always remain the classic evocation of this ancient land at a time when it was still a romantic wilderness haunted by the ghosts of its own past; and yet much of what he recorded is still of permanent scientific value.

James Wellard is a professional writer about places and people who has lived in Italy and has come under the spell of this strange people, whose culture was so like, and yet in its overtones so unlike, that of its neighbours and rivals, the Greeks and the Romans. He would clearly wish to be numbered among those who have learnt by direct experience on the ground rather than from books, and he misses no opportunity of berating the myopia of the academics; but it would be a mistake to accept this somewhat disingenuous self-evaluation too literally. *The Search for the Etruscans* is in fact based on wide if somewhat uneven reading; and, if Mr Wellard has at times missed what the present generation of Etruscan scholars are talking about, he has a sharp journalist's eye.

He is at his best in the first half of the book, which describes the rediscovering of Etruria in modern times. Here, in addition to the familiar figures, Mr Wellard presents lively portraits of such minor characters as the Scottish scholar, Thomas Dempster, whose monumental *De Etruria Regali Libri Septem* was commissioned by Cosimo II of Tuscany; the English vicar's wife, Mrs Hamilton Gray, who was an eye-witness of the golden age of Etruscan tomb-robbing; and the ebullient American journalist and jack-of-all-trades, Charles Geoffrey Leland, who claimed to have found clear traces of the survival of the gods of Etruria in the folk magic of the late nineteenth-century Tuscany. Was somebody pulling his leg? Or was he pulling ours? Be that as it may, Leland is a figure who deserves to be rescued from oblivion, and Mr Wellard tells the story well.

The rest of the book is devoted to chapters on the history of the Etruscans, their literature, art and science, their religion and their language, followed by one directed at the modern traveller touring the hill towns of Etruria. These are of more uneven value. The best is that on the language, a subject which has provoked a vast amount of nonsense, both learned and amateur. Every conceivable language from Basque to Berber has at one time or another been invoked as the key of the puzzle; but the fact that one and the same line from the Zagreb mummy text can be made to yield "Shout! Energetically!" (Finnish), "The fire has thrown out its gleams" (Egyptian), "Stride with frenzy" (Old Scandinavian) and "Call the shades of the fathers" (Albanian) is comment enough on the validity of this lexicographical approach. Short of some dramatic cryptographic breakthrough (an unlikely event) or the discovery of a Latino-Etruscan Rosetta stone (which could happen tomorrow), there are no short cuts, and an otherwise sensible account of the problems of decipherment would have been better still if it had shown some awareness of the amount of useful spade-work that is being achieved by the present generation of Italian Etruscologists.

In dealing with history Mr Wellard is often well out of his depth, and the picture is further obscured by such journalistic clichés as the suggestion that they "disappeared as mysteriously as they arrived". They did not disappear, any more than the Gauls disappeared when conquered by Caesar. Like the Italic inhabitants of central Italy, the Etruscans were conquered piecemeal and quietly absorbed into the expanding polity of Rome. Many of them had acquired Roman citizenship well before the Social War, and there were many later Roman families who boasted Etruscan ancestry — Horace's patron, Maecenas, for example, or the Caecina family, whose tomb at Volterra was found and destroyed in 1739, or again the Emperor Otho, whose family, the Salvii, came from Ferentium near Viterbo. There is still quite enough to learn about the Etruscans without invoking mysteries of our own making.

More seriously, there are too many places where Mr Wellard's information seems to have been assembled twenty years ago and only rather summarily updated. The account of Cosa (incidentally, now known not to have been an Etruscan site) makes very odd reading in the light of more than a decade of American excavation and conservation. Orvieto is now generally agreed to be the Etruscan Volsinii. There is no mention of the Swedish excavations at San Giovenale and at Grotta Rossa, which have done so much to fill some of the gaps in knowledge which Mr Wellard himself deplores. Even the Italian excavations at Pyrgi, one of the inscribed golden tablets from which figures on the jacket, receive very cursory treatment. In a subject like this, those who do not keep up to date are apt to find themselves tilting at paper windmills.

The illustration is well chosen and admirably reproduced. The arch shown on page nineteen is not at Viterbo but at Falerii Novi, where it was built by (presumably vanished) Etruscan workmen after the capture of Falerii Veteres (Civita Castellana) in 241 BC.

Out of the Lisbon earthquake

KENNETH CLARK :

The Romantic Rebellion
Romantic versus Classic Art

366pp including 278 illustrations. John Murray and Sotheby Parke Bernet. £4.75.

In March 1830, Goethe told Eckermann that "the idea of the distinction between classical and romantic poetry, which is now spread over the whole world, and occasions so many quarrels and divisions, came originally from Schiller and myself . . . fifty years ago". If he was talking precisely and not merely from vanity, as he sometimes did in his old age, that would take the controversy back to just one year before David offered the Académie his *morceau de réception*, the "Belisarius recognized by a soldier who had served under him, as he receives alms from a woman". This was his first truly Neo-Classical painting and the earliest work discussed and illustrated by Kenneth Clark in the essay on the artist with which *The Romantic Rebellion* opens.

The rise of the Neo-Classical movement in a self-conscious form may be conveniently dated rather earlier than this, from the publication in 1755 of Winckelmann's *Reflections on the Imitation of Ancient Art*—"the sacred text of neo-classicism" as Lord Clark calls it—which presents antique art as something pure and limpid as water. This view of "that boundless charmer", antiquity, was based on what the author of these essays calls "the cheerful, eupeptic character of the early eighteenth century", whose attitude to classical antiquity is to be seen in the paintings of Marco Ricci and Pannini. The smooth surface of this rather commonplace optimism was cracked forever in the very year that saw the publication of Winckelmann's treatise by the Lisbon earthquake. "Never before", Lord Clark quotes Goethe as saying, "has the Demon of Fear so quickly and so powerfully spread horror throughout the land", and it was to affect men's attitudes profoundly (in spite of some superficial responses such as Mme de Pompadour's decision to abandon the use of rouge for a week) right down to that other earthquake, the ten days that shook the world in July 1789, which is still affecting our attitudes today.

The Lisbon earthquake is the moment from which Lord Clark chooses to date the rise of the Romantic movement, "which first shows itself as an expression of fear", a fact spelt out in the following year in that "original, intelligent and extremely boring work", Edmund Burke's *Inquiry into the Origins of the Sublime*. In fact, even in *The Romantic Rebellion*, the romantic attitude in this sense makes its appearance still earlier than this, with Piranesi (the subject, with Fuseli, of one of the essays) whose *Carceri d'Invenzione* were first designed around 1745, and published five years later. Piranesi not only has, as Lord Clark emphasizes, "a good claim to be reckoned the first great artist of Romanticism", but was also "the most renowned antiquarian in Rome".

It will be seen, therefore that the origins of Neo-Classicism and Romanticism are inextricably interwoven in time. They are interwoven in space also. The key pictorial document, David's "Oath of the Horatii", was painted and first exhibited in the Rome of Piranesi before winning its laurels in Paris. This constant interplay between classicism and romanticism is not only a commonplace of art history, but was an obvious reality to anyone who visited the Council of Europe's huge Neo-Classical exhibition shown in London last year. Thus the apposition between the two movements implied in Lord Clark's subtitle is an unreal one; "in every classic artist there is a romantic artist struggling to escape", he writes in connexion with Ingres, "the model and high priest of classic art".

Not that this absence of a real battle of the styles, or indeed a rebellion in the sense in which there certainly existed a rebellion in the contemporary literary world, matters at all. Lord Clark is not writing a history of aesthetic ideas in these television talks converted (there are occasional signs of forcible conversion in the text) into a series of essays on a baker's dozen of artists, ranging in time from David to Rodin and in character from the irrationalities of Fuseli to the pellucidities of Ingres. *The Romantic Rebellion* reads like a series of mini-books on artists the author would really have liked to have written about at much greater length. Lord Clark writes so well that one wishes he had found time to do just that. Highly quotable, as this review shows, he has the great gift of communicating his own enthusiasms, for unexpected painters like Millet, whose "Gleaners" he considers "one of the great classic materpieces of French art" or for a way-out artist like William Blake. But, stimulating as the essays are, the reader finds himself continually wishing for a more extended treatment of the subjects.

He is left with so much to explore for himself that, particularly in the essays on very complex artists like David and Goya, the sense of gaps papered over is strong. To make one explore things further was no doubt Lord Clark's intention in the original television programmes. In his introduction to *The Romantic Rebellion* he tells us that he believes that "television is the ideal medium to arouse people's interest in art", and within the limitations of a single television programme it is no doubt all that can be done. But, when the material appears in book form, the art-historian struggling to escape from inside most of his potential readers (whose interest will already have been aroused) is almost bound to put the book down with a slight sense of disappointment.

The miracle explained

HERBERT VON EINEM :

Michelangelo

Translated by Ronald Taylor

329pp plus 147 illustrations. Methuen. £8.

It has long been an open secret that the best short book on Michelangelo is a German paperback by Herbert von Einem which was published in Stuttgart in 1959. Since it appeared there have been additions to the Michelangelo literature, some significant, some not, and for the new edition the text has been updated and revised. The present translation by Ronald Taylor is lucid and accurate (barring one fearful lapse in which the closing sentences of Reynolds's Fifteenth Discourse are seemingly translated from the German, not transcribed from the original), and the result may be regarded as the single one-volume work on Michelangelo in English that can safely be put into the hands of aspirant students of art history.

This judgment has a negative and a positive aspect. It implies in the first place that the existing Michelangelo literature (and especially the existing literature in English) is unreliable. The difficulty started in Michelangelo's lifetime, when Condivi published his essay in autohagiography, in which Michelangelo, eleven years before his death, attempted to impose on his early life the identity and the convictions he developed at the close of his career. Condivi's life is an apology, in which the God-given artist, the universal genius, explains how, despite the envy of fellow artists and the folly and vacillation of his patrons, he succeeded in achieving what he did. For the old Michelangelo, as we know from the Hollanda dialogues, art was a miracle—works of art were the product of sublime institutions, and were arrived at instinctively rather than by rational processes—and the artist was a thaumaturge. This is the basis of the belief of modern scholars that when writing about Michelangelo no holds are barred. Glutinous rhetoric, synthetic mysticism, fake iconology, all can be invoked. The "Bacchus" can be regarded as "a human incarnation of the vine", the fictive bronze roundels on the Sistine Ceiling can be interpreted as hosts and the draperies holding them in place as altar-cloths, and the Medici Chapel can be seen as a physical embodiment of the Neo-Platonic doctrine of spiritual ascent. But never, or scarcely ever, do modern scholars look at Michelangelo's works and ask themselves how they came into being and why.

There are, of course, good books on Michelangelo—the architecture, for example, is the subject of an excellent monograph by James Ackerman—but the only general survey which would be widely conceded to have stood the test of time is that published at the beginning of the twentieth century by Thode. It is from this critical and cultural tradition that Professor von Einem's volume springs. The great cruxes in Michelangelo studies cannot be solved simply by pretending that they are not there, and one of the particular merits of his book is that it tackles most of the larger issues—the transformation of Michelangelo's style in the 1530s, the integration of sculpture and architecture the problem of the unfinished—with great sobriety and seriousness, in terms which, simple though they be, leave no doubt of the intellectual level on which they must be analysed.

No short book on Michelangelo will command universal assent, and this is no exception. It cannot be stated as a fact that the Bruges "Madonna" was "intended" for the Piccolomini altar in Siena Cathedral; the case has been argued more than once, but is tendentious and almost certainly wrong. Nor can it be claimed that the "Brutus" "belongs to the years 1539-40"; it is much more likely to date from 1546-50, and the earlier dating rests on a misinterpretation of its style. In these and a number of other cases the text would have benefited from an expression of doubt. But these objections are unimportant in the context of the excellent pages on the Doni, Pitti and Taddei tondi, on the "St. Matthew", "characterised by the dichotomy between restriction and freedom", on the evolution of the plans for the façade of San Lorenzo, on the Minerva "Christ", where Michelangelo "was not yet ready to give up the Apolline ideal of the beauty of the human body", and on the interplay of Counter-Reformation and Reform in the late frescoes. The result is at once an uncommonly useful and an extremely distinguished book.

Folksy furnishings

ROBERT JUDSON CLARK (Editor) :

The Arts and Crafts Movement in America 1876-1916

190pp including 295 illustrations. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £12.50 (paperback, £4).

To someone whose memory goes back to the early 1920s in the United States, to a vague dusky redolence of houses furnished before 1914, this exhibition-catalogue-made-permanent promises good things and delivers a good deal. The original exhibition germinated in 1970 for the Art Museum of Princeton University and was eventually produced with the cooperation of the Art Institute of Chicago and the National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC, to express a growing interest in the decorative arts of the period just before the First World War. The year chosen to begin the period of the exhibition was that of the first Centennial Exhibition of 1876 in Philadelphia, where much American craftsmanship was shown to be in a low state. Healthy reactions to various stimuli, especially news of "Arts and Crafts" that began to come from England in the 1880s, only gathered force towards the end of the century: only then did the Arts and Crafts movement in the United States resemble anything like a "national experience" (that American phrase, and a good one).

For example, the experience produced some interesting furniture. That of Isaac Scott (1870s) suggests familiarity with Eastlake's *Hints on Household Taste* and with the idea of oblique column-brackets. Some extremely sophisticated pieces were designed in the offices of H. H. Richardson and Louis Sullivan. The Art Workers' Guild of Providence in about 1894 placed a corridor cabinet on elongated columns as perhaps A. H. Mackmurdo might have done. Pieces of more medieval inspiration were made from 1901 by the Rose Valley Association, parallel in some ways to C. R. Ashbee's work in England. Charles Rohlfs, working from a small workshop in Buffalo, exhibited furniture in 1902 at Turin. Will Bradley designed everything from posters and printing to furniture, inspired apparently by the work of Baillie Scott, Voysey, and Frank Lloyd Wright. There was the furniture of Wright himself as for the completely designed interior of his Robie house, and that of Charles Sumner Greene for the Gamble house. And in the implied background of the severer and heavier of these was that vernacular, so-called Mission furniture for the many, so "sincere" in trying not to look luxurious or fragile that, as Daniel Updike liked to quote, it made "spring house-cleaning an affair of the derrick and the wrecking-crane".

Well-reproduced examples of stained glass and metalwork also appear on these large and spacious pages with long captions and helpful regional and biographical introductions. Art pottery, a good deal of it much more sculptural than the English breed of art pots, is given a good run, with much previously unassembled information about its makers. The introduction to the "Arts and Crafts Book" section is a useful additon to Updike's chapter on the period in his *Printing Types*. It was an adventurous time in printing, and there was nothing slavish in the American reception of influences from the Century Guild, Kelmscott Press, or the *Yellow Book*. Some of Updike's own bookwork is shown, as well as decorations by that fertile designer Bertram Goodhue; and one of Will Bradley's brilliant cloth-cover binding designs. Nor are those exceedingly limp bindings forgotten that went from Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft Press at East Aurora to half the homes in the land.

Yet, with all the awareness of printing design, the typographical designer of this catalogue shows little sense of period. Anyone using sans-serif type (good and clear though the particular face used is in itself) to set subject-matter of 1876-1916 must either have been born quite lately or else early enough to have become permanently stuck around 1930. There is a full bibliography but no index. A pleasant line occurs at the very end: "This project is supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington DC, a Federal agency."

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T·L·S

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Viewpoint

BY JOHN CARSWELL

MACHIAVELLI, when writing his history of Florence in exile, always dressed himself carefully in his official costume as secretary to the Florentine government before sitting down to his desk. No doubt it put him in the right mood to write official prose. But today a professional writer of official prose who undertakes some other kind of writing as well does best if he keeps his official costume firmly locked up in the wardrobe.

Not that the composition of official prose is an art to be despised. The product ought to be pithy and clear (though it is often prolix and obscure). The practitioner needs to be able to vary his style to the subject-matter and the person or organization in whose name he is writing: and this must be done without using ornaments or literary devices of the conventional kind. Metaphors must be kept strictly under control, since they have a dangerous habit of assuming a life of their own. There are some old favourites, such as "slippery slope" and "nuts and bolts", but, if a grip is not kept, one is rapidly in a world where ceilings have teeth, hiving off is at a discount, and wings are spread without undermining fundamental principles.

Hyperbole is still worse. I was told once (though this form of official prose is a lost art) that My Lords could, in ascending order of emphasis, view a proposal with "surprise", "concern", "anxiety", "alarm", and even, in the most desperate cases, "dismay". But never of course "indignation", "disgust" or "horror". The avoidance of any hint of exaggeration can give deadly effect to a significant word used with its true weight: "failure", for instance.

Attempts at humour, and above all irony, are improper for the official writer. Even the best jokes have a way of looking unseasonable afterwards on an official file. And, since irony consists in saying one thing and meaning another, leaving some people in the dark and others in the know, it sullies the purity of communication, which is the whole purpose of official prose.

A reasonably busy official writer probably composes at the rate of about three full-length books a year. What are the effects upon him if he tries, in a wholly different field, to venture self-expression in his own person at the rate of, say, one book every four years?

I used to find that doing this caused my pen to stream metaphor and irony, I have had to throw away whole sheets of extended metaphor, in which, perhaps, waves of bourgeois ambition beating on the shores of feudalism eroded a mighty lagoon on which the carracks of mercantilism could safely float; or the silent deposit of centuries built up the common law like a coral reef, scattered like the powdered wigs of judges on the blue ocean. Irony, too, tended to get out of control, with phrases like "little did the planners in London know that in Vienna . . ." endlessly suggesting themselves as effective alternatives to the blunter and more effective "Unfortunately Pitt did not know that Metternich . . ."

Both metaphor and irony have their place in historical writing. Macaulay proves the one, Gibbon the other. But to my mind Gibbon sails dangerously close to the wind in making fun of people who cannot defend themselves because they are dead. Some modern historians are far worse. Judgment can be delivered without a sneer and a lecture from the comfort of a study and an uncompleted lifetime. Even practitioners of politics can be more charitable. "Poor woman", Henry IV said of Catherine de' Medici, "it's a wonder she did so well."

Personal composition is far more difficult than official prose. For one thing someone will have to read the official prose, but they must be persuaded to read the other. At any rate this is the mood in which a writer devoting the minority of his effort to personal composition approaches his work. But even this may not be true of a professional writer. The journalist "Balloon" Tytler, for instance, was roused from a drunken stupor in the middle of the night to write a bridging passage in *A History of the World*, which for some reason was missing from the copy supplied by someone else. The compositors were at a standstill and the publishers desperate. He supplied it in two hours and rolled back into bed. That, however, is not personal composition, but a humble gift developed to a high degree of proficiency.

But to get back to the official and the historian. Clearly, the official cannot apply literary standards to his interpretation of his sources. He must not pick out the odd or striking fact except to illustrate some central issue. The pathos of "Pray you, undo this button" or anything like it, can never be for him. But the very discipline this imposes on the historian is probably beneficial. It prevents him from being a magpie, and gathering together little heaps of incoherent glitter.

* * *

Broad classifications of time and society are meat and drink to historians, who are quite capable of writing such sentences as "feudalism was the essence of the Middle Ages". Nowadays we have words to describe our own period and the stratifications of our own society—"capitalists", "middle class", "working class", and so on. It comes as a kind of shock to find that all such labelling is modern. The serf and the baron had no idea that they were living under the feudal system (a term coined by Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations*), and we had to wait until 1839 for the now forgotten Keightley to produce the useful word "feudalism", which the next century or so has spent much effort in defining. "The Middle Ages" was originally (1722) the whole period between the collapse of antiquity and the revival of learning—a definition by exclusion. But (apart from having the earlier part lopped off with the separate title of "Dark Ages") the term "Middle Ages" has now acquired a life of its own—a process much assisted by the early nineteenth-century coinage of the word "mediaeval", with whose assistance one can give the flavour of the Middle Ages to something which did not happen during them:

If you walk down Piccadilly
With a poppy or a lily
In your mediaeval hand.

As for "middle class" (or the more telling adjective formed from it, "middle-class"), it has gathered a mound of association since Leigh Hunt spoke in *The Examiner* of "such of the Middle Class of society as have fallen on evil days". The adjective did not arrive until the end of the century, and received the imprimatur of Dicey in 1905. Arthur Young seems to have been the first to stumble on "capitalist" (meaning a person with capital), and we owe the resounding coinage of "capitalism" to Thackeray who writes in *The Newcomes* of how "the sense of capitalism sobered and dignified Paul de Florac". But, clearly, Thackeray was using his new word to mean no more than participation in the ownership of capital, a kind of personal quality.

A strange fate has overtaken three words with the same original meaning of a point in time which is supposed to mark the beginning or end: era, epoch, and period. Now they all mean the tract of time between such points, having some kind of unity. When Gibbon spoke of "our era" he did not mean the late eighteenth century but the date of the birth of Christ. It is odd that we should not have restricted one of these words to its original meaning, and now have to speak of "turning-points" and the like.

What should we do without our precious historical abstractions? Much better, I suspect. We should spend less time trying to make history fit preconceived patterns, and build our accounts strictly on the evidence. We should only lose a great many possibilities of examination conundrums on the lines of "Richard III, Renaissance Prince or last of the Mediaeval Kings? Discuss."

* * *

A distinguished judge once said that Lord Campbell's biographizing of the judiciary added a new horror to death. As history becomes more efficient, deploying manpower on a scale never known before, and able to marshal material cooperatively, it is capable, in a curious way, of putting an end to a subject. "When that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away": and not only that. The imperfect, underpowered authors who always left something better to be achieved can be swept into waste paper by the really complete study that is now possible. But, in addition, the really complete study removes the subject into a different mode of interest. The free-ranging is now on a battery basis. The subject matter is caught finally in amber. The account is balanced and two neat red lines are drawn below. Such, at any rate, is my feeling on reading, say, the Wilmarth Lewis edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence, in contrast to Toynbee's.

Namier's massive mind conceived similar treatment for an institution: namely Parliament. So deep was his affection for British society (of which he saw Parliament as the core, and most impressive product) that he designed the supersession of the inadequate, scattered, and amateur accounts of Parliamentary history by a truly comprehensive and definitive work which is now in progress. The effect of that work, I suspect, will be the reverse of what Namier intended. It will provide not a history broadening down into and explaining the institution of our own time, but a kind of discontinuity between the living Parliament and the marmorealized.

And so one comes round to the beginning of the circle. The creative, interpretative historian, with his many imperfections and inadequacies, the sources he is unaware of and the insights that he lacks, gives way to an official writer of history—a member, no doubt, of a team—whose main concern is perfect and comprehensive communication. As an official writer for most of my time, perhaps I should find this encouraging, a unifier of my two endeavours. Officials are well known to have tidy minds, and to see, say, Burke, well and truly tidied up ought to appeal to an official interested in the history of the eighteenth century.

But that is not how it appears to me. The reason it does not is a bit more complicated than one might expect. It is not just that the individual practice of writing history (out of official costume) is a refreshment and a recreation after the discipline of writing official prose. Behind the discipline of composing official prose is the awareness that in doing so one is writing history—not history in the sense of a historian's writing, but in the sense of what a historian writes about. As a result, one knows that the interplay of events and forces behind one's compositions are far more elaborate and far-reaching than the compositions themselves can ever convey. One feels it would be puzzling indeed to unravel by the same methods the history one is engaged in creating.

Of course this is overemphasizing one's own situation. Everyone is engaged in the creation of history, and official writers are merely among the obvious examples, because they create the written record (however good or bad) which will later fill the archives and become the documentation of future historians. The consoling reflection is that the archive will become unmanageable. In this country alone, more is probably added to it in five years than is now available for the whole of the eighteenth century—despite the fact that the ephemera of government activity cannot physically be preserved for posterity. It is reasonably certain that the history of twentieth-century Britain will never be written to the comprehensive Namier standard unless some catastrophe imposes selection on the archives.

So it seems likely that future historians will, paradoxically, be driven into despair by sheer abundance of material, and will spend their days envying the unfashionable historians of antiquity for having lost most of Livy. They will have to depend on their creative and interpretative powers more heavily even than Macaulay or Gibbon were obliged to do; and will be more exposed to new interpreters rushing forward with fresh material. They will consequently learn, as the official writer Trollope says somewhere, that nobody ever does anything for just one reason, and that everything that happens—even as a result of a single individual's action—is due to a mixture of causes.

John Carswell is an historian and a senior official in the Department of Education and Science.

Nativity

Out of a sin
Scarcely original
A common pregnancy with all
The graceless discomforts
Of an upright animal—
Cherries her only craving,
And a hard lying-in—

Blood and waters broke
Of metaphysical war;
Nor was her labour done
Until that parturition when
Caesarian surgery
Delivered from the swollen State
Her son slain by the law.

It had been better for us
If she had held her peace.
Only a trivial fuss
Exacerbates authority's
Impartial equilibrium;
A stirring in the womb
Alerts the testy police.

Surely she must have known
The gracious powers above
Keep watch on the little streets?
Someone was bound to inform.
The law was in need of delinquents;
The cross craved for meat.
The least suspicion of love—

Instant retaliation,
Trumpeters, taxes on salt,
Smoking settlements,
Folk dragged from their beds.
And what of the innocents?
Who was she to bring down
Herod about their heads?

Who will preserve the poor
From visitations of God,
From the law's solicitations
And the carnal lust of the drum?
Who will deliver them from
Evil consecutive upon
The contagion of the good?

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Hoga[rth] Press

A toast to the plough

[JOHN] G. GAZLEY:
[Th]e Life of Arthur Young 1741-1820
[...]pp. Philadelphia: American [Phil]osophical Society. $10.

ARTHUR YOUNG is one of those lesser historical figures of whom we have all heard but [fe]w little—and the little that we [thin]k we know is probably wrong at [...]. He is remembered as the [farm]er who failed, and who then [too]k to telling others how to farm; [in] the later eighteenth-century phase [of] the agricultural revolution he was [an] unflagging advocate of innovation, large farms, long leases, commutation of tithes, and above all, [en]closure; and, rather contradictorily, he is best known for his [de]nunciation of enclosure as [inj]urious to the poor—the poor who [mig]ht say: "Parliament may be [ten]der of property: all I know is, I [had] a cow, and an act of Parliament [has] taken it from me."

Young, in fact, farmed for almost [the] whole of his long life—with only [mo]derate success it is true, but with [su]ch competence as his frequent [abs]ences on farming tours and [pub]lic engagements, his urge to [...], and his penchant for unprofitable and often bizarre experiments would allow. His enthusiasm [fo]r enclosure as an *improvement*—[th]e basic, he believed, to better [far]ming—never waned, though enclosure was only one of his many [int]erests; his strictures were aimed [at] the mismanagement of the enclosure procedure, particularly the [gen]eral failure to allot waste lands [to] the labourers; this, he thought, [hel]ped to account for the alarming [gro]wth of rural poverty which concerned him in his later years.

Born some twenty years before [th]e onset of the great era of parliamentary enclosure, Young was an [eye]witness of the early stages of [th]e Revolution in France and lived [thr]ough the scarcities and inflation [of] the Napoleonic Wars. Throughout, his pen was hard at work. In [th]e course of sixty years he published a score of large books on [far]ming subjects, wrote numerous [pam]phlets, and made some 400 contributions to his own periodical, the [*An*]*nals of Agriculture*. His early [far]ming tours of England, published [b]etween 1768 and 1771, the *Tour in* [*Ire*]*land* of 1780, and the *Travels in* [*F*]*rance*, relating to the pregnant [ye]ars from 1786 to 1789, have long [be]en major sources for historians. [He] rapidly acquired an international reputation, corresponded [wi]th landowners and agricultural [so]cieties in many parts of Europe, [as] well as with George Washington [a]t Mount Vernon, and received a [lon]g procession of distinguished visitors at Bradfield Hall in Suffolk, [th]e family home which he inherited [in] 1785.

Though indisputably the most [fa]mous agricultural writer of his [da]y, his interests ranged far beyond [far]ming topics to embrace the wider [is]sues of agricultural policies, questions of mercantilism and laissez-faire, and taxation, population, and [cu]rrent political controversies. His [car]eer as an author began with [pam]phlets on the subject of the American colonies, and subsequently he wrote on the French [R]evolution, national security, wartime scarcity and the inflation of prices. A reviewer of the *Travels in France* linked his name with that of Edmund Burke, and argued, somewhat oddly perhaps, that, while Young could not write successfully on agriculture, "in *political arithmetic* he has deservedly gained considerable credit". His knowledge of economic matters attracted several inquiries from Jeremy Bentham relating to population, property, the poor laws, and prices, and he was consulted by the government on the subject of Irish trade regulation. Young was also a warm advocate of a more scientific form of education for the well-to-do, and he early saw the importance of applying chemistry to agriculture; he was complimented by Joseph Priestley on his experiments designed to ascertain the food of plants, and later by Humphry Davy on his analysis of manures.

Arthur Young.

Uppermost in his ideas was the concept of agriculture as the mainspring of the economy, and hence there followed the great importance of agricultural improvement as the key to progress. He criticized Adam Smith, believing the great philosopher to be "against the plough" and thought Smith's work to be full of pernicious errors: "He never touches on any branch of rural economy, but to start positions that arise from mis-stated facts, or that lead to false conclusions." Smith, he told a curious German visitor, "would have been a bad farmer".

Indeed, it would be easy to characterize Young as an agricultural crank. "One of the richest days I have enjoyed in France", he wrote, was the occasion of "a long and truly farming dinner; drank a l'Anglois success to The Plough and had so much agricultural conversation, that I wished my farming friends in Suffolk to partake my satisfaction." The English Parliament, he complained, was a merely "manufacturing, trading, and shopkeeping legislature. If the angel Gabriel, from heaven, appeared, with a proposal to promote agriculture, he would be scouted." The toasts which were drunk at the dinner concluding Lord Somerville's cattle show in March 1805 included, Young reported, "The King, with grateful thanks for his patronage", "Mr Coke of Norfolk", "The plough, worked by good oxen, where the land is capable of carrying them" (one of his pet enthusiasms), "The fleece, covering plenty of good flesh, and a proper quantity of fat", "Sir Joseph Banks, and thanks on his able Treatise on the Mildew in Wheat", and "Mr Arthur Young, and may we profit by his admirable treatise on Manures". And the inscription composed by Young for his wife's funeral monument in Bradfield church recorded only that she had been "the great-grand-daughter of John Allen, esq of Lyng House in the county of Norfolk, the first person, according to the Comte de Boulainvilliers who there used marl".

It is possible to compare Young with that later crusader, the Benthamite, Edwin Chadwick. Both were motivated by a passion for improvement and progress, though in Chadwick's case it ran in the direction of the poor law and public health reform. Both were indefatigable, single-minded in pursuing their objectives; both believed in the superiority of their own knowledge and understanding of the subject in view; both felt themselves slighted and inadequately rewarded by government and public for their pioneering labours. But Young, at least, was redeemed by a sense of humour. He could laugh at his own enthusiasms. In 1786 he wrote a bantering letter to Charlotte Burney, daughter of Charles Burney the musician, who was Young's brother-in-law. Congratulating Charlotte on her marriage, and on her husband's decision to settle in Norfolk, Young wrote in his lightest style:

> Are you disposed to a country life? Or must you be gadding for ever to London? . . . Are you in the midst of poultry? Do you know your best cow? Are your lambs free from foxes? Are you planting shrubs and making walks? and can you pun as well in Norfolk as in London? Then, on the other hand, there is your husband—what sort of man is he? 'Tis true I hear many excellent things of him; but does he farm hugely? Are his turnips clean? Are his lands forward for beans and oats? Does he plough with oxen? You must confess that these are points much more to the purpose than the common rubbish of character ye common mortals attend to.

Young's writing, at its best, was direct, vigorous, even abrasive. He could turn a striking phrase, as when he described the misery of a protracted Channel crossing as "14 hours for reflection in a vehicle that does not allow one power to reflect". He made no bones about attacking what he saw as the evils of the day. The so-called turnpike roads, he complained bitterly, were "mere rocky lanes, full of hugeous stones as big as one's horse, and abominable holes". Throughout his life he reproached the ignorant conservatism of the small farmers, the "goths and vandals" of the open fields, whose race had to die out before new ideas could become generally rooted. His enthusiasm ran away into hyperbole: "Without inclosures there can be no good husbandry"; "Great farms have been the soul of the Norfolk culture"; "The improvements which have been wrought in England have been almost totally owing to the custom of granting leases"; and tithes were "the greatest burthen that yet remains on the agriculture of this kingdom".

Such exaggeration gave his critics plenty of scope, while his outspoken candour and tactlessness created enemies among the farming fraternity. One was Thomas Stone, a Lincolnshire surveyor, whose own book had been harshly reviewed by Young as a work which did not "add to the present stock of knowledge", and moreover was not free of errors. Young superseded Stone as the Board of Agriculture's surveyor for Lincolnshire, and Stone responded with an extended and venomous assault on Young's report. The practical husbandman of Suffolk, Stone averred, "if questioned by an inquisitive traveller respecting who was the worst farmer in the county . . . would immediately answer, Arthur Young". Through his inexperience and ignorance, Stone continued, Young

> became the dupe of every sly, artful knave who proposed to himself either interest or pleasure in misleading you. Hence the innumerable exaggerated accounts in all your tours and travels of crops that never were reaped, and improvements in cattle that never existed; and whilst I give you credit for the purity of your intentions, I cannot help remarking that, by all the practical husbandmen who have traced you in your eccentricities, and compared your writings with the true statement of facts, you have been regarded as the Munchhausen of the age.

Thus the view current today that Young lacked a grounding in practical farming was voiced against him in his own day. The most important of Young's critics, however, was William Marshall, regarded by some

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Oxford

modern authorities as the more reliable source on contemporary farming methods. Marshall was aggrieved that Young, and not he, was selected for the post of Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, established in 1793. He took it on himself to produce a five-volume review of the county reports published by the Board, criticizing their mode of compilation and the competence of some of the authors, but reserving his heaviest broadsides for those reports made by Young himself. The Board's reports, it is true, exhibited serious failings, though these cannot all be laid at Young's door, and Marshall's spite made him unduly severe on Young's own efforts.

Critics then, as now, were too ready to assume a lack of practical experience on Young's part. Quite apart from the farms he occupied in Suffolk, Essex and Hertfordshire, he must have been the most widely-travelled farming writer of the period. However, there is little doubt that much of Young's earlier writing was immature and ill-judged. He himself recognized this, and tried to suppress his *Course of Experimental Agriculture*, published in 1770, by buying up and destroying all the copies he could find. Modern writers have also raised important questions on the soundness of Young's methods of collecting the material for his books, the accuracy of his observations, and how far his work was influential in encouraging improvements. John Gazley deals with these matters only in passing. His eyes are fixed on the man himself, and the real interest of his admirable and extensive biography lies more in what it reveals of Young and his immediate circle rather than in the brief analysis of his many writings.

Dr Gazley has spent many years in an exhaustive search for Young's private papers, and he has finally produced a fascinating account of an extraordinary career and a most striking character. Young evidently commanded enormous physical powers of energy and endurance. He must have written very fast to have achieved his tremendous output, and much of his scribbling was done by candlelight late at night, after a long day in the saddle, in a farmhouse or in one of those wayside inns—like the King's Head at Northleach, which he described as "very bad and very dear", or the Bush at Wanstead, "impertinent and dirty". At Bradfield he habitually rose at four o'clock and began the day with a dip up to his neck in his garden pond, even when the snow was on the ground. When nearly sixty he wrote: "I do not mind it at all, and sometimes stand in the wind till dry; it is, however, sharp work."

On his second visit to France in 1788 he travelled alone on horseback,

> my cloak-bag behind me; and I did not travel thus an hundred miles before my mare fell blind: I have heard and read much of the pleasure of travelling; how it may be with posting—avant couriers preparing apartments and repasts, I know not; let those who enjoy such comforts pity me who made 1700 miles on a blind mare! and brought her (humanity would not allow me to sell her) safe back to Bradfield.

These rueful remarks arose from his stop at an inn at Amiens, just visited by Charles James Fox. Fox travelled

> with a girl in a post-chaise, a waiting woman, and his valet in a cabriolet and a French courier—the English at the Table d'hote said he travelled in no style. It is however a plaguy different style from mine, but I have been doing all my life and he has been talking; and therefore my blind mare is but the world's justice, tho' not very practical.

Young's remarkable powers of endurance were complemented by a lively intelligence, a truly inquiring mind, and a gift for languages. His reading was extremely wide, as is evident from the manuscript of his enormous, unpublished *Elements of Agriculture*. Dr Gazley shows that he was fond of society, and particularly the society of women. A factor in this, no doubt, was his unhappy marriage. His wife was a woman obsessed with ailments real and imaginary and was inclined to meddle in his affairs by writing secret letters which ran counter to his own views. Young's only son, the Reverend Arthur Young, was something of a disappointment: he capitalized on his father's reputation and influence to secure an Irish living, and went off to make an agricultural survey for the Russian government, finally settling down on an estate in the Crimea. Two of the three daughters died of tuberculosis, and the death in 1797 of his youngest and favourite daughter, Bobbin, in only her fourteenth year, was a tremendous blow to Young. He was bitter about the medical treatment she had received, and regretted

> putting so much reliance in the medical tribe, for she had the personal attendance or correspondence of five physicians and none agreed. I did for the best and spared nothing, but had she been a pauper in a village she would, I verily think, have been alive and hearty. Such are the blessings of money; it has cost me 100 L. to destroy my child.

The loss of Bobbin brought about a religious conversion to Evangelical pietism, and henceforth Young devoured sermons and religious works as he had formerly done farming treatises. He also had much correspondence with Wilberforce, and undertook the charitable education of the poor children of Bradfield. Some ten years later came another blow. His sight deteriorated and, after an unsuccessful operation for cataract, he became blind. None the less, he continued his publications, now interspersed with religious collections, and to the very end contrived to function as the Secretary to the Board of Agriculture.

How influential was he? What was his impact on English farming? These are difficult questions to answer, and Dr Gazley provides only incidental evidence. There is much to suggest that none of the agricultural writers of the period reached a very wide audience, and that to a large extent they were preaching to the converted. The small circulation of Young's *Annals of Agriculture*—only between 300 and 400—supports this view, but on the other hand some of his books ran through a number of editions, and were translated into other European languages. His most praised work, the substantial quarto volume of *Travels in France*, was sold for 25s, with an original print of 1,000 copies; Young received 6s a copy on all sales. Perhaps the widest circulation was achieved by his *Farmer's Kalendar*, which reached a fifth edition in 1804. The publisher printed an initial 2,000 copies of this edition, and sold 1,200 of them within a month. Young noted: "I had 100 L. for that edition, 40 L. more for this six months after publication, and in future 25 L. for each succeeding one. The sale is an extraordinary one." This, it may be pointed out, was at the height of the wartime farming activity and prosperity. Young's writing never made him rich, a concern for money runs through a good deal of his correspondence, and his early years before he inherited Bradfield were marked by severely straitened circumstances.

From the many excerpts from the letters and other materials collected by Dr Gazley one gains an impression of a select farming coterie of a limited number of great landowners, middling gentry and wealthy farmers. They read the *Annals* and occasionally contributed to it, attended the annual "sheepshearings" at Woburn and Holkham, and tried out new breeds, crops, and implements on their home farms. Only gradually did the sound and practicable ideas which emerged filter down to the general mass of working farmers who could not afford to lose money on untried innovations—though Young, at least, saw the necessity of calculating the costs and profits of new practices. The process of permeation was a slow one. As late as the 1850s James Caird emphasized the widespread survival of many outdated and wasteful habits, and he noted the strange contrast of progressive and backward methods to be observed on immediately adjacent farms.

The influence, then, of even the most prolific and readable of eighteenth-century farming writers was in all probability quite small. The Board of Agriculture too, inadequately financed, and lacking in both direction and influence, made little impression, and gradually lapsed into somnolence. Probably the greatest stride towards more efficient farming was achieved by the abolition of common fields and the taking into cultivation of wastes and commons, which Young warmly and consistently advocated. By this means a large proportion of the country's land was brought within a modern framework of operation and the basis was laid for the eventual adoption of improved techniques.

Young had many of the right ideas, even if he also had some wrong ones, and too often allowed his prejudices to run away with him. He had always a vision of great possibilities, and he ended his life seeing the steam engine as the new means to perfection in agriculture. He was undoubtedly one of the leading innovative spirits of an enormously innovative age. All this, and much more, appears in Dr Gazley's richly documented and vastly interesting biography. Here we have at last an authoritative and definitive study of one of the key figures of the classic "agricultural revolution".

To the Editor

Book Production

Sir,—Nicolas Barker and Anthony Rowe, writing in your Printing and Book Production number (November 30), both appear to have misunderstood to some extent the nature of the involvement of computers with photocomposing machines.

It is not really true to say that the early experiments in computer-aided typesetting delayed the introduction of photocomposing, since there were no commercially viable high-speed machines available in Europe before 1965. The early experiments in text handling on computers, which were carried out by programmers rather than by printers, were more notable as programming achievements than as print. They were proclaimed as considerable advances on previous methods (which in terms of programming technique they were): unfortunately, they were so proclaimed to the printing trade rather than to the computer industry, and computer-aided typesetting acquired a bad name in the trade from which it is even now not entirely free.

Nevertheless, there is a great deal of it about: quite elaborate text-handling programs have been smuggled into printing houses, in the small computers which are used as controllers in the present generation of high-speed photocomposing machines. The computers are still running the photosetters, but now they do so out of sight: programming techniques and computer technology have progressed, so that what used to be a roomful of expensive metal boxes is now a piece of electronics the size of a desk drawer, hidden behind the covers of the photocomposing machine.

Also, the computers are no longer considered even by their supporters to be omnicompetent: computer people have learnt how complicated some aspects of composing (notably hyphenation and page make-up) are. I am sure that it is the difficulty of getting first-class machine hyphenation, as much as any ideological consideration, that causes designers to use ragged-right setting in bookwork. The classical rules of book page composition survived the first 450 years of the development of printing because of their validity, not merely because of the "unthinking and sheeplike perseverance" of printers. The classical rules yield readable pages, but they require them to be of an even colour: this necessitates moderate and regular interword spacing, and this in turn requires careful choice of the point at which each line ends. Whatever Mr Barker says, bad hyphenation does obscure the sense of a text; programmes which produce hyphenation and justification of a standard acceptable to book designers can be written, but they are difficult to write, they require a lot of computer and they run slowly.

The revolution in printing is undoubtedly with us. Mr Barker sees it as a change of attitude: I see it rather as a multiplication of possibilities. The man who has something to be printed (whether it is a Bible, a mail-order catalogue or an underground newspaper) is now able to choose an appropriate method for its production: he is no longer confined to metal type and letterpress printing. The third-generation cathode-ray tube machines will find their work; so will the Selectric typewriter and the piece of discarded offset press blanket.

R. SOUTHALL.

Typographic Adviser, Crosfield Electronics Ltd, 766 Holloway Road, London N19 3JG.

Sir,—I was very interested to read Nicolas Barker's article in your Printing and Book Production issue (November 30), but I was surprised that he thinks "the 'right place' to break [a word] is a useless concept". Surely words should be broken—when space does not allow their completion—so that the two parts belong sensibly together, whether that be determined by philology, by the position of the consonants or by common sense. When words are broken off at random and without thought such absurdities as "read-just", "reap-pear" and "the-rapist" and many less absurd but no less confusing variations appear, presenting an obvious hindrance to comprehension and easy reading.

SIMON RENDALL.

Bembridge School, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, PO35 5PG.

WELSH ARTS COUNCIL

'WELSH DYLAN'

an exhibition on the 20th anniversary of the poet's death

Swansea	22 December to 12 January at Glynn Vivian Art Gallery.
Aberystwyth	23 January to 16 February at University College.
Llanelli	27 February to 23 March at the Borough Library.
Mold	3 April to 27 April at the Daniel Owen Centre.
Bangor	4 May to 25 May at Oriel.

Illustrated catalogue and 'Fern Hill' poster: 50p each from Literature Department, Welsh Arts Council, Museum Place, Cardiff CF1 3NX.

Sod's Law

Sir,—In the interests of historical and literary accuracy it must be recorded that Sod is an upstart. The law was enunciated by both Murphy and Finagle long before Sod was even a vogue word.

I cannot claim historical precision for personal recollections; but Murphy's pronouncements were known to me about 1945 and I am sure to other British engineers at a much earlier date. Finagle is his American counterpart whose formulations of the law came to my notice in the early 1950s. Like Murphy he must then have been well known for some time.

Statements of the law are many, various, and frequently crude. Among the latest was that in the recent television programme about air accident investigation. It will be recalled that "if a component can be fitted in two ways, inevitably somebody will fit it the wrong way". We have always spoken lightly of the serious things in life.

J. R. W. MURLAND.

25 Bedford Street, Belfast BT2 7EY.

Sir,—Vivian Wright's formulation of Sod's Law (December 7) as $F = fs$ appears to be a particular case of this Law's general formulation in logical notation (x) fx which I developed in the late 1950s. In view of more recent developments in logic and in our understanding of the world, quite considerable elaboration should now be possible.

D. C. DAMANT.

16 Orchard Street, Cambridge.

Warrior's Rest

Sir,—Though flattered (who wouldn't be?) at the thought of functioning as an Influence On Younger Scholars, I fear I cannot return the compliment when your reviewer (November 30) credits me with having "perfected the art of the anonymous review as serious polemic". *I* may have—said he arrogantly—but your reviewer certainly has not. It is rash of him, for a start, to complain about my profusion of metaphors in a notice where the background is loud with big guns, where the CAH thunders (a soft collective buttery mutter is what *I* always associate with it), Americans come up with medium-range weapons, and salvoes crash vaguely, like the review, in the direction of some target or other, "Warrior's Rest", yet; anyone would think he was reviewing Montgomery on Alamein.

To proceed: I do not know if the Department of Classics in a large American university is outside your reviewer's Pale, but we will assume it is. In any case that is where I live and operate: to be precise, in Texas, where (as readers might not gather from your reviewer) *Arion* today is no longer located, being now under the wing of what is known hereabouts as the University of Texas at Boston.

Non-substantiable claims, especially when backed by a tired old let-out clause, are a dead give-away in any reviewer. My *Concise History* would indeed have been an odd book without anything on the impact of colonization, Oriental influences on Greek art, the advent of literacy, the flight from irrationalism, and the connection of the hoplite phalanx, (a) with emergent democracy, and (b) with the rise of Macedonia. May I reassure readers that *all* these topics are treated as fully as a 42,000-word text will permit? Your reviewer claims they are "either not mentioned" (untrue in all cases), "or lost in a forest of detail" (the let-out clause). He need only check the Index (I compiled it myself) to disprove his own claim. Lastly, if he can point to a place in any work of mine where I describe Pericles as "the great reactionary"—I've called him quite a few names in my time, but never that—I'll pay a fiver to his favourite charity, charity in this case, I presume, beginning at home.

If one gets a reputation for arrogance, I've decided, one should really live up to it. Your reviewer's notice suggests that I may have been slipping lately in that respect. I'm sure he will be the last to object if I resharpen my claws on him for starters. No master of the art of the anonymous review, especially after such an accolade, could be expected to put up with less than the best himself.

PETER GREEN.

Department of Classics, The University of Texas, Austin, Texas 78712, USA.

* Our reviewer writes:— I am delighted that my mild attempt at parody of Professor Green's style has provoked him to emerge from his tent, and I am happy to feel that his claws do not need sharpening; but an old *TLS* hand should know that reviewers have no control over the headlines. It is true (if a little sad) that Professor Green has now become an orthodox academic; from the mid-1950s until 1971 he led a more exciting life. But to answer his more serious complaints: the name of Al Mina does not appear in his book; there is no sign that he has pondered the views of Jack Goody on the effects of literacy; he does not discuss how Oriental influences in art and literature or the alphabet itself came to the Greeks, or how they spread; the discussion of hoplites on pages 62-63 seems to me inadequate even in relation to a text of 42,000 words. Colonization and irrationalism are mentioned in various passages; but I stand by my judgment: the narrative "subsumes general tendencies or major advances under a conception of history which is still the old history of events". We have come to expect so much more from Professor Green. Finally, the inverted commas round the description of Pericles should not imply that this is a quotation from Professor Green: his attitude is more complex. Perhaps he would have preferred me to use his own words from *The Shadow of the Parthenon*—"self-opinionated megalomaniac"?

Sir,—Your reviewer of Peter Green's *A Concise History of Ancient Greece* (November 30), noting his earlier "guerrilla attacks on the professional armies of classical scholarship", paused to wonder if *Arion*, and the group of scholars (now largely dispersed) who worked for it, were inspired by Dr Green's example". May we, as the editors of *Arion*, set his mind at rest? And assure him: in no way whatsoever. The brand of criticism with which Dr Green sought to refresh "the sterility of orthodox classical learning" (your reviewer's words) has never been ours. His striking description of Alcaeus as "Hilaire Belloc rewritten by Cavafy" would, for instance, be quite beyond us.

Incidentally, *Arion* need not be discussed in the past tense. Editorial board intact, we have just published the first issue of a new series.

WILLIAM ARROWSMITH,
D. S. CARNE-ROSS.

The University Professors, Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts.

Unthankfully

Sir,—My attention hasn't been drawn to the howler in my letter of last week (December 21), but it's got to me on its own. I referred to "hopefully", "thankfully" and the rest as "floating adjectives"—they are of course floating adverbs. Sorry about that.

KINGSLEY AMIS.

Lemmons, Hadley Common, Barnet, Herts.

Barrack Room Ballads

Sir,—Your reviewer disliked my treatment of the *Barrack-Room Ballads* (December 14), a matter of taste on which he's entitled to his own opinion, but let that pass. Kipling addicts, however, may be interested in some questions he raises about the content of the Ballads.

> When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine,
> The guns o' the enemy wheel into line . . .

I consulted several eminent artillerists about this vivid metaphor. Major-General B. P. Hughes writes: "It exactly describes the swinging round of the trail when carried chest-high by two gun-numbers." Perhaps your reviewer does not remember the days when fine ladies turned and backed into a chair, holding up the bunched-up backs of their skirts. Nor perhaps does he recall the waltz-tune of *Mandalay*, to which Kipling refers in *Something of Myself*. If he looks again at *Mandalay*, and at Brecht's imitation of it, *Sourabaya Johnny*, he may get my point that it is Kipling rather than Brecht who says "Make Love not War".

While submitting this letter, may I plead guilty to a shameful *error* that has escaped your reviewer's captious observation. I ought not to have named the 5th Fusiliers as a Minden regiment.

C. E. CARRINGTON.

56 Canonbury Park South, London N1 2JG.

Anglo-American Musicology

Sir,—The predictable terms of the reply (November 23) to my letter (November 2) could scarcely have been more nicely calculated to reinforce the views I expressed on the influence of a group of American musicologists in the field of musical analysis.

Despite Pythagoras, I feel more than ever confirmed in my rejection of the notion that the proper understanding of music is dependent upon the adoption of mathematical concepts, terminology and symbols. Esoteric cults have always had their attractions, especially for the young and immature, and it may well be that in some brave new world of higher musical education in this country, students armed with pocket calculators, four-figure tables, linked to the computer unit, and no doubt clutching their copies of *Das Kapital* and the *Thoughts of Chairman Mao*, will eagerly join the tribe of pseudo-scientists, as they plod their tedious way down their own private blind alley.

Meanwhile I shall "continue to defend the self-defeating non-ideologies" of common sense and enjoyment. I do not know whether my enjoyment is undiscriminating; I am fairly certain that in judging a piece of music, I fail to take fully into account "its synthetic and its compositional dimensions" and especially "its specific structural psychology".

My crime is that I enjoy music and want to share my enjoyment: for me the joy outweighs in importance any amount of what D. H. Lawrence in a similar connexion referred to as "critical twiddle-twaddle about style and form". Educational fashion and an arid and arrogant intellectualism are against me, but I take heart in those words of Ionesco (*TLS*, October 6, 1972): "Art is the province of feelings. Feelings are the province of art. . . . To aspire to turn a work of art which is emotional into a scientific expression is a mistake on every count."

RONALD WOODHAM.

University of Reading, 35 Upper Redlands Road, Reading.

Questions of Tone

Sir,—Now that F. W. Bateson and Jack Lindsay (November 9, 16, and 30) have established to their meek self-content a thesis that Americans can neither read nor write poetry because of an "inner lack" of true English, they might train their powers on the pitiable case of John Milton, as described some years ago by none other than F. R. Leavis.

"So complete, and so mechanically habitual, is Milton's departure from the English order, structure and accentuation", asserts Dr Leavis (in his *Revaluation*), "that he often produces passages that have to be read through several times before one can see how they go. . . ." Also,

> the extreme and consistent remoteness of Milton's medium from any English that was ever spoken is an immediately relevant consideration. It became, of course, habitual to him; but habituation could not sensitize a medium so cut off from speech—speech that belongs to the emotional and sensory texture of actual living and is in resonance with the nervous system; it could only confirm an impoverishment of sensibility.

The present circumstance makes it recognizably ironic that by speaking thus about the author of *Paradise Lost* Dr Leavis was basically in accord with a certain pseudo-English writer named Eliot, whose own poems Lindsay affirms to be pervaded by an American "tonelessness".

It is further ironic that Milton's isolation from idiomatic English, as inferred by Dr Leavis, brings him into a state of linguistic kinship with me and all other Americans who, theorizes Bateson, "write in what is still an obstinately foreign language". True, one may argue that for Milton idiomatic English was a gift lost, whereas for any American it is a gift never possessed. Still, the supposition that neither of us has it seems to pull Milton and me together, and that can be called a blessed thing. At the same time, it seems to pull both of us away from Bateson and Lindsay; and that, indeed, is a blessed thing.

ROBERT A. HUME.

Department of English, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada, USA.

Eliza Lynn

Sir,—In your notice (November 23) of F. B. Smith's admirable book on W. J. Linton your reviewer comments: "Linton's second wife, Eliza Lynn, well deserves biography in her own right." I am engaged on such a work, which will be published by Allen and Unwin.

HERBERT VAN THAL.

33 Queen's Gate Gardens, London SW7.

A Shakespeare Bibliography: The Catalogue of the Birmingham Shakespeare Library, the subject of our front-page article last week, is now £116 the set and not £98 as stated.

The Littlehamptons through the ages

Hengist and Abigail Coriander (artist unknown)

OSBERT LANCASTER:

The Littlehampton Bequest

94pp. John Murray. £2.

The Littlehampton Bequest, according to Dr Roy Strong, who introduces the book of this name as Director of the National Portrait Gallery, is the most significant addition to the Gallery for many years. It consists of the portraits of the Courantsdair (Littlehampton) family, by artists ranging from Cranach to Hockney. An astonishing sequence. Osbert Lancaster's text, in the time available, inevitably could be no more than a preliminary outline for a full *catalogue raisonné* of the collection but even so the display of his unrivalled knowledge of the family genealogy is impressive indeed. Every portrait is reproduced. The book is a noble salute to a major contribution to our National Heritage.

This makes the levity, if not outright frivolousness, of most reviews that have so far appeared all the more distasteful. Mr Lancaster has indeed a rare gift of making a fairly recondite subject zestful for specialist and layman alike; thus here, by a discreet, often positively witty, husbandry of the rich as-it-were compost heap of the eccentric manners and modes of the English aristocracy, as exemplified in the Littlehamptons, he has preserved the rich savour of life as it was, and is, lived, in what is also quintessentially a work of scholarship. But those who have rolled in the aisles should rise and bend the knee in more decorous salute to Mr Lancaster's profounder achievement.

And yet—this remains a puzzling work. Though avowedly an interim report, it is strange to find that questions of attribution, date, conditions, other versions, etc, of actual portraits are almost entirely omitted. There is no critical apparatus; no bibliography; no index. There is hardly a single footnote worthy of the name. Even the reproductions raise queries. Anyone experienced in the study of such family collections expects to trace a physical likeness persistent in the sitters through the generations. A recurring *stylistic* likeness in the works of art, as distinct from the sitters they represent, is, however, very rare, but it is so marked here that one may wonder if the whole collection has not been "restored", rather thoroughly, by one hand. That hand could only be that of Mr Lancaster himself, sometimes known to art historians as "The Master of the Glazed and Popping Eye".

But this can only remain conjecture, for, while the question could be resolved forthwith one way or the other by a sight of the originals, these remain unavailable even to accredited students. One knows they are, somewhere, in the National Portrait Gallery, for Dr Strong says so. But inquiry there meets invariably with utter rebuff. So much so, that one cannot but begin to question whether the collection did, in actuality, ever reach the NPG—or was this noble gift snarled up at the last moment by an over-rapacious Treasury over some pedantic detail of the Finance Act? Did it all, simply, fall through? The book itself contains no hint of this, but since it was set up—presumably some time last summer—strange things have happened.

For one, Dr Strong is no longer Director of the National Portrait Gallery; he has resigned. His pretext—a preference to manage a miscellaneous museum somewhere west of Harrods—lacks credibility. It must be remembered that the NPG has changed fundamentally since Henry James described it (in 1897) as "the low swelling structure now pinned—a good deal as a 'bustle' is attached to a lady's waist"—to the back of the National Gallery. The NPG now—and not least owing to Dr Strong's own élan—tends to surpass even the National Gallery in popular acclaim and glamour. Why, then, leave it? Why too, most recently, should the Paymaster General, the prestigious controller of the whole British art scene, likewise resign? Expert opinion, in short, can only conclude that something is being covered up, and the rumour that the Editor of *The Times* has already suppressed three letters on the subject from Mr Denis Mahon should not be too easily dismissed. Time alone will tell—but, in the mean of time, students should lay their hands swiftly on Mr Lancaster's opusculo. It seems only too likely that that is the closest they will ever get to the lost Littlehampton heirlooms.

Dai Country

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The Times Literary Supplement

Michael Joseph

Against the graven image

OLEG GRABAR:

The Formation of Islamic Art

213pp plus 131 illustrations. Yale University Press. £7.50.

An unkind review of *The Formation of Islamic Art* would be to quote Oleg Grabar's own description of it: "an exercise in *Problemstellung*, in the setting up of categories of learning and investigation through which a series of fundamental questions may be answered". It would be a mistake to be deterred by these polysyllables from reading what is, in spite of them, a book of absorbing interest and immense erudition, though at times of exasperating obscurity. Readers must be prepared for a large dose of abstract theory intermingled with descriptive archaeology. On the Dome of the Rock we are told:

> The fact that it was meant to be [a masterpiece] further confirms the importance in the art of any cultural moment of the monuments that identify it in contrast to what preceded it. One aspect of Islamic art . . . is that which identifies itself as unique and different and, while the forms and meanings of these uniquenesses vary, the structural fact remains.

On the origins of Islamic *mihrab* and *minaret* in Roman niche and Christian church tower:

> One could argue that there is attached to most forms a "vectorial" quality or a certain direction and that a change in direction, or in position within other forms, can alter the form's significance without altering the form itself. Then also, the attitude of the beholder affects the meaning of certain forms and thus compels the ways in which they develop.

The meaning, as we are told later in the book, is quite simple after all: "Without significant alteration of shape, towers became minarets, niches became mihrabs and a concatenation of aisles on one side of the building indicated the qiblah, whenever these features were found in a mosque." In other words, the Muslims adapted current idiom in building as far as necessary for their own purposes. The fact is simple; yet, however wrapped up, it enables Professor Grabar to develop interesting generalizations both on Muslim attitudes towards the arts and on art itself in general.

In an opening chapter he describes the problem to be explored as that of defining more precisely than has yet been done what is meant by the adjective "Islamic" when applied to art, and of identifying the processes by which it first became recognizable as a distinctive quality in objects or monuments of the Islamic world. It is a question, in Professor Grabar's view, not so much of describing the formal, iconographic or functional characteristics of Muslim buildings or objects as of explaining *the internal creative purpose and the* attitudes of Muslim society toward the arts, so far as that is possible.

To set the scene, a second chapter gives a broad archaeological survey of the lands conquered by the Muslims and summarizes the diverse ecological and cultural settings within which the new society, with varying speed in different imperial urban or religious centres, developed an architecture and arts which in one way or another could be considered uniquely its own. It is a vast field, and Professor Grabar surveys it with masterly erudition.

From study mainly of early texts he concludes that Muslims initially had no particular attitude toward the arts and, with one important exception, merely accepted what they found. The obvious exception was the well-known Muslim dislike of figured representational art. This began as a self-defensive reaction to the strongly iconic climate of Christian Syria, and was the Muslim response to the difficulty of finding for official purposes any identifying iconographic system which did not risk being confused with the alien world of non-Muslim cultures. Writing was one such system, however; and that explains the special role of Arabic script and inscriptions in official Muslim art, architecture and coinage. In subsequent centuries the early rejection by officialdom of living forms as symbols spread as a moralistic attitude, specifically Islamic, which tended to view all artistic creation as a substitute for reality and therefore evil, beside being tainted with the association of luxury. Though not always easy to follow through digressions on theoretical questions, the account of this development is deeply thought out and of great interest.

Two long chapters are devoted to the development of the mosque and its appurtenances, the art of the court (its palaces and country retreats) and the art of the city. Another chapter considers early Islamic decoration. In all these Professor Grabar ranges widely through the archaeology of many individual monuments as well as touching on most classes of Islamic objects. He reaches the conclusion that the formation of Islamic art "can be seen as an accumulation and novel distribution of forms from all over the conquered world, as a conscious sorting out of meanings associated with the forms, and as a creation of a limited number of new characteristic forms". This may in general be a fair summary, but it is hard to accept of the remarkable series of Umayyad country palaces the conclusion that in their structural and technical features, even in their function, they show little novelty. On this two examples must suffice of what might seem faulty logic. Having remarked that no prototype has been found for the form and elevation of the bath hall at Khirbat al Mafjar, Professor Grabar asks whether it could be an invention of the Umayyad architects. He answers, rather gratuitously it seems, that "perhaps it is simpler to suggest that the hall was merely *the only example left* of an architectural form that was fairly common in pre-Islamic secular architecture" (italics supplied). If that seems to beg the question, so also does Professor Grabar's pronouncement on a pavilion at the same site, which he has earlier called "unique" and for which no parallel is known: "Once again", he writes, "early Islamic evidence illustrates a lost secular architecture from earlier times." A more logical conclusion would surely be to credit the architects of both buildings with their original creation.

Throughout the book Professor Grabar's deep interest and profound belief in the symbolic content of monuments are apparent. In an important chapter he develops the proposition that "one first motivation . . . in the formation of Islamic art was that of symbolically expressing the appropriation of a given territory with its body of traditions". This is exemplified in three monuments: the famous wall painting in a remote bath house at Qusayr Amra, which shows six past or contemporary rulers of empires; the round city of Baghdad; and the Dome of the Rock. Whether the kings at Qusayr Amra are, in Professor Grabar's view, a *mystical* "*family*" welcoming the Muslim ruler to their number or just defeated enemies saluting the conqueror, as hitherto commonly supposed, does not substantially affect the theory. But the suggestion that Baghdad was "a conscious attempt to . . . symbolize the total rule of the Muslim prince", relating "the Muslim world to the rich past of the Near East", and not simply a new capital laid out to a theoretically ideal plan, is perhaps too speculative an interpretation to carry great conviction.

The Dome of the Rock presents a clearer problem. Professor Grabar quite rightly stresses the significance of the great inscription in mosaic, which declares the indivisible unity of God and denounces the doctrine that He had a son. Undoubtedly that is the essential clue to the building—a declaration for Muslims and Christians alike of the superior truth of Islam, suitably placed on the deserted site of the Jewish temple. Professor Grabar's view on this is clearly right; but he is less convincing in proposing that the Dome gained polemic *significance as a memorial to* Abraham. For no reference to Abraham is included in the all-important inscription, and no concrete evidence is offered for thinking that between Umar's visit to Jerusalem in 637 and Abd al-Malik's building in 691 attested early associations with "David's Sanctuary" and the first Qiblah were replaced, in the mythology of the Haram, by legends of Abraham.

The argument which makes the Dome a symbol of Muslim appropriation of the land relies largely on details in the mosaic decoration which "can all be identified either as royal and imperial ornaments of the Byzantine and Persian princes . . . or as the ornaments worn by Christ, the Virgin and saints in the religious art of Byzantium". We are asked to believe that these "royal symbols" were chosen "to demonstrate that the unbelievers had been defeated and brought into the fold of the true faith". Whether or not this is a legitimate interpretation of incidental features which do not, after all, stand out so very conspicuously from the overwhelming *richness and variety of the* ornament as a whole, the principal weakness of this and similar theories, which read profound political attitudes into simple details of construction or ornament, is that they presuppose in the early rulers a wholly improbable intervention in the minutiae of architectural planning and ornamentation, and underestimate the extent to which they must in practice have relied on the established vocabulary and working methods of the builders and craftsmen they employed. The craftsmen in this case were undoubtedly Christians, whose traditional vocabulary would have included the so-called "jewels" but not held them charged with imperial pretensions.

The text is supported by a series of well-chosen photographs and drawings. There is a valuable bibliography for each chapter, enabling the text to be relieved of too many technical details. One or two trifling misprints or slips may occur, but in general the book is admirably produced. Figure 37 should be credited to Creswell, not Hamilton.

All Islamic archaeologists and scholars will thank Professor Grabar for a profound and original study of an immense and complex field, which may provoke controversy but must impress by its mastery and charm by its modesty.

Who was the potter, pray...?

GÉZA FEHÉRVÁRI:

Islamic Pottery

191pp plus 120 plates. Faber and Faber. £15.

The late Sir Alan Barlow achieved the distinction of creating two great collections of ceramics. His Chinese pottery, which was presented to Sussex University, was assembled between the wars with the help of other distinguished Sinologists, but his Islamic collection was the work of a lifetime and was his personal selection. It is a fair measure of its quality and diversity that only nine pieces had to be added from other sources, in Géza Fehérvári's *Islamic Pottery*, in order that his remarkable book should not just be a catalogue but also a succinct summary of our present knowledge of the history and provenance of Islamic ceramics.

There could be no better tribute to the genius of one man, because to collect with such perspicacity and imagination is a work of genius. The Ashmolean Museum is the greatest beneficiary of the Barlow family munificence, but other museums, the Percival David Foundation, and the Athenaeum and Savile Clubs have also been presented with fine examples of Persian and, in particular, Turkish pottery. Now again the generosity of this remarkable family makes it possible to appreciate the outstanding quality and the universal nature of the Barlow Collection through this definitive catalogue.

Islamic Pottery is a major contribution to our understanding of a complex subject and of its development. It is at once scholarly and clear although greatly condensed and brings with it the authority of a deep understanding and appreciation of the subject, particularly of the pots of the early and middle Islamic periods. If the works of Arthur Lane, also published by Faber and Faber, cannot be supplanted, none the less the advances in our understanding of Islamic art are based on a sounder knowledge of facts than when his two volumes appeared some fifteen and twenty years ago. So it is that the present book, which is the first of comparable breadth and stature to be published since Lane's masterpiece, is exceptionally welcome. It is an essential work of reference for any worker in the Islamic field in spite of the fact that the historical text, as opposed to the detailed notes on each of the objects which are almost all illustrated, can be little more than 20,000 words long.

Although this has resulted in a work which is magisterial in its compactness, one must regret that the limitations of a stringent budget forbade that amplification and detail which was so important to the works of Lane. A sad result of such economies in an expensive *book is the slaughter of the biblio*graphy. Publishers of works as scholarly as this should realize that a comprehensive bibliography is essential. However, Faber and Faber have produced a beautiful book with eighteen colour plates of exceptional quality and over 300 monochrome illustrations, nearly all of which are admirable. Nor is this a pompous coffee-table tome, for the format of the series of which it is a part is agreeable to handle.

The book not only covers the output of Islamic potters from Umayyad times but even extends into the Qajar period in Iran. The field is wide and so, in spite of the immense amount of work done over the past twenty years, there are still surprising gaps in our knowledge of the subject, many of which are cluttered with the debris of speculation and, occasionally, false evidence. This is due in part, at least, to the limited amount of critical and systematic excavation in Iran in particular. So it is the excavation of wares that were exported to what are now Kenya and Tanzania that has led to the dating of pots fired in Kirmān.

We can now be assured that pots with mock Kufic inscriptions need not necessarily be fakes, as many scholars once supposed. We may also accept Central Asia as a source of pottery in the tenth and eleventh centuries while attaching less importance than before to Chinese influence in general.

There is an interesting explanation of sgraffiato techniques which were introduced into Mesopotamia and Iran early in the Islamic period. But although they originated in Egypt and are to be associated with the Copts, Dr Fehérvári sustains Lane's opinion that the medieval sgraffiato pottery of north and north-west Iran was based on Sasanian metalwork and shows little Islamic influence.

But more important still is the establishment through excavation of the authenticity of sgraffiato pottery, including wares which depict human figures now known as Garrūs ware, loosely called champlevé, of which even Lane was sceptical. It must be added that Dr Fehérvári in assembling evidence sometimes quotes from works of which he is doubtless more critical than the courtesy of his text implies. It is hard to believe that he accepts that Takht-i Sulayman was ever a pottery centre or that kiln wasters were found there.

When writing of Miletus ware, which he surely rightly accepts to have been made in Iznik, he quotes from Dr Aslanapa without a cautionary word about the haphazard nature of the work done during his excavations in 1964. Dr Fehérvári disdains polemics, and rightly so. The most interesting historical problem concerning Iznik pottery is the extraordinary revolu*tion in techniques at the end of the* fifteenth century. It is inconceivable that the potters responsible for the great porcelain, or near porcelain, of sixteenth-century Iznik had any connexion with the crude workmanship of Miletus ware; nor is their connexion with the cuerda seca work in the moulds of the masters of the Green Mosque at Bursa easy to imagine. Yet Dr Aslanapa asserts that Miletus ware and the fine Iznik pots and plates were born in the same kilns. In these circumstances one can only accept Dr Fehérvári's conclusion that with true Iznik there was such a difference in the composition of the body material that the possibility of a transitional ware yet to be found can be precluded, whatever Dr Aslanapa might prefer. Instead, a very strong alien influence was introduced into Anatolia at the end of the fifteenth century, an influence which could only have come from Iran.

Needless to say, Dr Fehérvári deals succinctly with the familiar misnomers such as *Golden Horn*, *Damascus* and *Rhodian* wares. He does not, however, consider the existence of adequately fired Kütahya ware as early as the fifteenth century perhaps because Professor Carswell's book on the subject appeared too recently to influence his own research.

It is interesting that Dr Fehérvári attaches more importance to Kubachi wares, both early and late, than is fashionable. Here one would like an amplified approach even though a merit of this book is the absence of sterile speculation: when attention is paid to the pots of Kashan or Kirmān, for example, it is because new information about them deserves such attention. Nor is time wasted on unravelling symbolism unless for a specific reason, such as when the Chinese influence on Iznik designs is discussed in relation to the decline in quality of the wave border until it loses its relationship with the sea in the seventeenth century. However, some comment might have been made on the probability that the designs were the work of artists in the royal studios at Topkapi palace.

There is much else in this book, such as a summary of the development of lustre ware from the earliest Islamic kilns onwards or the treatment of the Seljuq period in Iran. While one third of the Barlow Collection consisted of a sumptuous array of Iznik jugs and plates, because Sir Alan was collecting before they became fashionable and costly, Dr Fehérvári makes the reader perceive that the rare pieces from the earlier periods most illuminate the extraordinary ability of this collector to recognize the true quality of the objects which he prized.

There is no field to rival Islamic pottery for the quantity of fakes or else of vessels built up from a few fragments not always of the same provenance. If Sir Alan Barlow ever did make a mistake he must soon have been rid of it. Most interestingly, although experts must have expressed doubts about his Garrūs ware, he did not alter his opinion and is deservedly vindicated. So it is that when one puts down Dr Fehérvári's book with gratitude to the author and his publisher this is overshadowed by one's gratitude to the collector. One must hope that his family are well pleased with this outstanding, long-awaited tribute to his genius.

LITERATURE & IDEOLOGY

A Marxist journal of theoretical and historical research into the political and aesthetic aspects of literature and art. L. & I. No 16 discusses its current tasks, the English-Canadian theatre, dogmatic criticism, national chauvinist images of Quebec in fiction, Arnold and the Paris Commune, the Abbey Theatre, Peking stage, and English Romantics and the Working Class. Available by subscription (Annual: $5.00) from National Publications Centre, P.O. Box 727, Adelaide Station, Toronto, Canada M5C 2J8.

MANFRED WEKWERTH:
Schriften
Arbeit mit Brecht.
431pp. Berlin: Henschelverlag Kunst und Gesellschaft.

FRIEDRICH DIECKMANN:
Karl von Appens Bühnenbilder am Berliner Ensemble
405pp. Berlin: Henschel. M140.

WERNER HECHT:
Sieben Studien über Brecht
267pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM6.

BERTOLT BRECHT:
Die heilige Johanna der Schlachthöfe
Bühnenfassung, Fragmente, Varianten.
Edited by Gisela E. Bahr.
242pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM6.

BERTOLT BRECHT:
Die Massnahme
Edited by Reiner Steinweg.
505pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM10.

REINER STEINWEG:
Das Lehrstück
Brechts Theorie einer politisch-ästhetischen Erziehung.
282pp. Stuttgart: Metzler. DM25.

FRANCO BUONO:
Bertolt Brecht: La prosa dell'esilio
220pp. Bari: De Donato. L2,500.

FRANCO BUONO:
Zur Prosa Brechts
Translated by Maria Böhmer-Volo.
119pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM4.

SAMMY K. McLEAN:
The Bänkelsang and the Work of Bertolt Brecht
339pp. The Hague: Mouton.

KLAUS SCHUHMANN:
Untersuchungen zur Lyrik Brechts
Themen, Formen, Weiterungen
210pp. East Berlin and Weimar: Aufbau-Verlag. M7.50.

JOHN FUEGI:
The Essential Brecht
343pp including 84 illustrations. Los Angeles: Hennessey and Ingalls. $9.95.

ANTONY TATLOW:
Brechts chinesische Gedichte
163pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM20.

HERTA RAMTHUN (Editor):
Bertolt-Brecht-Archiv. Bestandsverzeichnis des Literarischen Nachlasses.
Band 4. Gespräche Notate Arbeitsmaterialien
670pp. East Berlin and Weimar: Aufbau-Verlag.

At work in the Brechtian forest

NOW THAT THERE is no really important section of Brecht's work left unpublished, aside perhaps from his letters, the trouble is less that it becomes hard to see the wood for the trees than that there are so many foresters at work, chopping away at anything that can be turned into paper. There seems to be a world shortage of such material—academic pulp becoming harder and harder to get as all the obvious sources are used up—so that *Brecht-Forschung*, as it is amiably called these days, has become a flourishing craft. That being the case, it gets progressively less easy to sift out the many new books about Brecht. Which of them really add to our knowledge or put us in direct contact with some aspect of his activity? Which clarify particular works by providing fresh evidence for their interpretation and understanding? Which are mainly useful within the craft itself, as a stimulus to the foresters, something they can go on chopping at when they run out of trees?

With Manfred Wekwerth's *Schriften* (the first contemporary volume in a series that has already included Piscator, Viertel and Erich Engel) the interest is a double one. Of all the younger directors whom Brecht trained, Wekwerth stuck longest with the company, so that he now not only tells us about Brecht's own productions and methods but also shows how his training can adapt to the modern world. This is not a short book, and some of the thinking is rather opaque, but there are useful notes on productions (particularly ones where Wekwerth was involved, such as *Arturo Ui*, *Coriolanus* and *Days of the Commune*), and first-hand evidence about Brecht's view that the director's ideas should always be "thrust back" by the thought and work of the collaborating actors. Brecht is shown here as far from democratic at rehearsal—

> That "wisdom" of Brecht's which was supposed to be always smilingly present at rehearsals is a creature of myth

—but wonderfully so in the discussions which followed. There are memories of late conversations with him, as also of his actions on June 17, 1953 (which had little to do with those depicted in Günter Grass's play). An interesting letter to Roger Planchon deals with the need for the theatre to depict confusion and the absurd, so long as they are shown as being historically conditioned. There is also a new concern here with developing the reactions of the spectator, which is something that Brecht had aimed at, and with depicting the individual, which he had not. One of the book's effects is to make the reader see what characteristics this excellent director has taken over from Brecht (the insistence on productivity, the concern with the sciences) and where he deviates (acceptance of "democratic centralism", respect for *Das Deutsche Stanislawski-Buch*).

The handsome volume on Karl von Appen covers much the same period in the history of the Berliner Ensemble. Appen is a splendid artist who for some years directed the Dresden Opera, and came to Brecht in the winter of 1952-53 on the recommendation of Wekwerth's close colleague Peter Palitzsch, at a moment when Caspar Neher was apparently reluctant to go on collaborating after the *Lucullus* affair. In some ways he was a very different designer from Neher; his affinity was with Brueghel and lumpy, literalistic detail, his colours opaque; he was also much more politically committed. In Brecht's lifetime he designed six plays for the Ensemble, of which the best known was the *Caucasian Chalk Circle*; then later he was involved with all the main productions up to *St Joan of the Stockyards* (1968, marking the end of the Wekwerth era). Because the book devoted to him includes very able accounts of these productions by Friedrich Dieckmann, as well as over a hundred pages of stage photographs, drawings and finished designs, it is the nearest thing we have to a sequel to the 1952 *Theaterarbeit*. There is also a handful of writings by the artist himself, but the chief impression given is of an unsparing effort to grasp each play and get the design absolutely right. Here again there is one significant departure from Brecht's principles, the abandonment of the half-height curtain.

The *Dramaturg* Werner Hecht came to the Ensemble a little after these two, and to the English-speaking world he is probably best known for his editing of Brecht's theoretical writings and journal; he has also written a book of his own about the former. Like Herr Wekwerth's his present book is a collection of occasional writings, overlapping with an earlier (East German) collection but also adding to it; and like him he writes with a certain freshness due to an active concern and a close contact with his subject-matter. One of his essays here deals informatively, if a little defensively, with his work as an editor; it shows how complicated are the problems presented by the texts. Others discuss Brecht's early theatre criticisms, the *Messingkauf* dialogues, the *Threepenny Opera* and (once again) the development of the theory. This writer, too, is concerned with relations with the audience, which he emphasizes are a good deal more than a mere matter of public relations. But certainly the most intriguing part of the book is the section which discusses Brecht's tentative tinkering with the first part of *Waiting for Godot*, which he is said to have thought of setting against background shots of Communist China. He annotated the play up to Pozzo's entrance about a sixth of the way through, making cuts and some switches in what Herr Hecht thinks was an attempt (if so a pretty crazy and not very successful one) to make the *situation more "concrete"* and the Vladimir-Estragon relationship more normal. In this conception Estragon was to be a proletarian, Vladimir an intellectual, Lucky "a donkey or policeman", and Pozzo "von Pozzo, a landowner".

With Wolfgang Gersch, who collaborated with him in the editing of Brecht's film scripts, Herr Hecht has produced a useful small paperback on the film *Kuhle Wampe*, that unique work which comes nearer than anything else to being a true Brecht film. This collection of materials is also available in the Edition Suhrkamp, but the East German version supplies illustrations; the censorship proceedings and the editors' concluding essay are of particular interest. Meanwhile further volumes have come out in the familiar Suhrkamp series, providing "materials" for *St Joan of the Stockyards* and *Die Massnahme*. In the first of these Gisela Bahr prints the hitherto unpublished stage version of 1931, which sets the play not in the Depression but at the beginning of the century (the recent Berliner Ensemble version did the same), as well as a number of earlier scenes or fragments. In some of these God himself appears as a cigar-puffing old nuisance, sneaking off from Salvation Army meetings to go down to the Exchange; in others we find the meat king named not Pierpont Mauler but Bill Cracker, identifying him with the gangster-hero of the cannibalized *Happy End*. The story of how the earlier play was transmuted into so powerful a communist Joan of Arc drama still needs working out in detail, but meantime Professor Bahr has given a short but fascinating outline account. She quotes the late Elisabeth Hauptmann as saying that Brecht always had difficulties in inventing a *Fabel* or narrative, and concludes that she, Emil Burri and Brecht were equally responsible for the play, though with Brecht himself as "primus inter pares". Hans Borchardt too was closely involved as an adviser, and there were prolonged discussions with Walter Benjamin and Bernhard Reich.

Faced with the important but far less complicated evolution of *Die Massnahme* (*The Expedient* or *The Measures Taken*), Reiner Steinweg has produced a companion volume of double the length, ending with a note of regret that he was not allowed to make it longer still. This regret is unlikely to be shared by the reader, who will be lucky if he does not find Herr Steinweg's self-imposed system of indexing almost anything he touches, then using this instead of mere page numbers for a whole network of elaborate references and cross-references, a good deal more laborious than sifting through Brecht's own manuscripts in the Archive, which run to only some 300 pages all told, and could less confusingly have been reproduced as they stood. Much the same applies to Herr Steinweg's own book on the *Lehrstücke*, which overlaps quite a bit with the *Massnahme* volume in its presentation of everything (not all that much) that Brecht and his closest associates had to say about this form. In both cases he has unearthed many worthwhile items, then strangled himself in a tangle of methodology. The trouble with this kind of dementedly scholarly approach, which must be making Brecht turn in his grave (turn perhaps to para. 3.4.2, to find a reference to AL=56/2 12r, then turn over again to "Quellen 1956" where he must look for it not before but *after* MA=56/1 12r, complete with a cross-reference to the *Massnahme* volume where it also occurs) is that it does not by any means rule out the possibility of omissions, mistakes and wrong judgments. Thus Brecht did not have "viele Lehrer" (page 110); there were only three men he referred to as such. His unfinished play *Fatzer* was not a *Lehrstück*, which is briefly a didactic exercise for the performers. And, for all the interest of the items dug up in Herr Steinweg's book, he never helps us to answer the obvious questions about this form: how far did Hindemith inspire it, how far the Nō drama, why did Brecht give it up, and so on?

The much slighter paperback by Franco Buono, *Zur Prosa Brechts*, reprints three somewhat disconnected articles, of which the most relevant to the title is a long essay on the *Threepenny Novel*. The original Italian edition adds to this further sections dealing with the *Tui-Roman*, *Me-Ti*, the Keuner stories and the *Flüchtlingsgespräche* dialogues. It is a pity perhaps that the author has not followed more of Brecht's reading in English, since not only is Edgar Wallace a contributory influence in the *Threepenny Novel*, but the passage of *Me-Ti* which he praises for its "marvellous lucidity" is in fact a prose transcription from Kipling's "If". However, this is the first study of Brecht's prose as such, and will no doubt fulfil an academic need.

It is much odder that the poems have received so little attention. Sammy McLean's first English-language study of the poems (adapted from a thesis) concentrates rather on one particular influence, that of the traditional narrative ballad or broadsheet, but he heaps up the evidence a little too relentlessly, by citing one secondary authority after another to much the same effect and giving the *Bänkelsang* (which, oddly enough, he nowhere very clearly defines) a commanding position in Brecht's literary—and dramatic—make-up, by making it the ancestor of almost any other significant influence such as the music-hall or the cabaret, the Bible or François Villon, the cinema title or the comic strip. This rather flattens Brecht out. Dr Klaus Schuhmann casts his net much wider—his own doctoral work on *Der Lyriker Bertolt Brecht* has now appeared as a DTV paperback with a few revisions and a badly-needed index—but his new *Untersuchungen zur Lyrik Brechts* is once again a disjointed quartet of essays and leaves many gaps in the reader's understanding. He provides a useful account of the publishing history of the *Hauspostille*, the first of Brecht's three collections of poems, analysing the changes made to one specific poem (the early "Lied der Eisenbahntruppe von Fort Donald") on lines largely covered in his previous book; makes a good point about the numbering of stanzas as an aid to "Verfremdung"; and cites Alexander Abusch's criticisms in *Die Rote Fahne*, with particular reference to the Red Army poem. But he should surely have mentioned the plan of 1948 for a four-part "Poems in Exile" to be published jointly by Desch and Aufbau (as successors to Herzfelde's exiled Aurora Verlag) since this preceded the *100 Gedichte* of 1950. And, apart from small errors in titles and the apparent overlooking of the "Mahagonny-Lieder", it is unhistorical to cite Brecht's opinions of 1940 (even

POETRY PRESS COMPETITION RESULTS

We were honoured to have Mrs. Mary Wilson judge the finals of the competition for the best poems of 1973 and the results are as follows:—

1st	—	R. Macdonald Payne	— £1,000 cash
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3rd	—	Mary H. Hardie	— £300 cash
4th	—	Rosalie Mon	Publication
5th	—	Alan Oram	of a book of
6th	—	Gustav Bauerknecht	their own
7th	—	Mimi Alexander	poems

Poetry Press Ltd., Court Lane, Burnham, Bucks.

undated) as his motives for revising the collection in 1938.

The rest of the *Untersuchungen* shows this scholar rather one-sidedly labouring the obvious, with extensive use of quotation, one poem even being printed twice. Thus the second essay deals with Brecht's tributes to Lenin and the USSR, but naturally omits the poem on Tretiakoff's execution, making the whole form of the piece depend on the assumption that what Brecht got in 1955 was a Lenin, not (as history has it) a Stalin Prize. The third goes on to discuss, much too undiscriminatingly, the poems written by Brecht immediately before and after his return to Berlin in 1948. Certainly the critical character of the Buckow Elegies is not glossed over, and "The Solution" is frankly taken into account, but there are in fact twenty-three elegies (excluding the Motto) of which twenty-one have been published, not (respectively) twenty and seventeen, and the omissions anyway need explaining. Moreover the last poem cited, here firmly allocated to the year 1955, is now thought to have been written at least twenty years earlier. Finally the promising title of the fourth section, "Brecht's Influence on Modern Socialist Poetry", proves to be quite misleading, for it boils down to a discussion of three East German poets, of whom Volker Braun and Georg Maurer are in some ways very remote from their supposed model. The interesting thing here is not so much the sad narrowness of this view of Socialist Poetry as the implied bases of the author's approach to Brecht. For he seems, on the one hand, to interpret "the dark times" as starting for Brecht in 1933 (where 1938 would be nearer the mark) and, on the other, to argue that once back in Germany Brecht no longer felt (as in "An die Nachgeborenen") that "The goal . . . was hardly to be reached by me". In so doing he has singled out the two steps needed to turn the late Brecht into an optimistic (or "positive") poet.

As for John Fuegi's title, *The Essential Brecht*, it instantly provokes contradiction, for he has confined himself to eight plays, ignoring such whole areas as the works with Weill and the *Lehrstücke*, not to mention all Brecht's non-dramatic writing. What he has tried to do by this is to disregard the often fatal lure of Brecht's theory and to treat those plays as he finds them, both on paper and as presented by Brecht on the stage. Partly because they include only one *(Die Mutter)* of the more original works, partly because they are not discussed in the order of their writing, and partly because Professor Fuegi is for some reason persuaded that the young Brecht hated Shakespeare, he sees them as representing a gradual return to conventionality. This is exaggerated: one cannot, for instance, call *Die Mutter* "largely traditional, highly conservative", nor treat *Mother Courage* and the *Caucasian Chalk Circle* as tightly organized plays, as if no audience had ever found them slack. On the one hand the author writes as if Brecht himself cared about appearing consistent; on the other he overstresses any evidence of his "return to the fold". He even finds *Mother Courage* "littered with images of the cross" (presumably not having read Robert Conquest's classic essay on the Christian symbolism of *Lucky Jim*). Within this too arbitrary framework one finds a number of valuable insights and pointers, the product of extensive researches in Berlin. But there is also the occasional mistake or misuse of language ("strata" singular, "cohort" for associate—both all too common these days).

Brecht heute, of which Professor Fuegi is the principal editor, is the yearbook of the American-organized International Brecht Society, whose meetings provide it with a number of papers. The first volume two years ago, written partly in German and partly in English, included inter alia memorable essays on *Puntila* and *The Catch*, a critique of Günter Grass's attitude to *Coriolanus* in *The Plebeians* and an original examination (by Anthony Tatlow of Hongkong University) of Brecht's picture of China. The second is much more positively informative; thus it prints James K. Lyon's account of Brecht's relations with his American friend Ferdinand Reyher, an important short essay by Professor Fuegi on his Soviet connexions, Henry Glade's résumé of Soviet Brecht productions between 1958 and last year, Michael Morley's tracing of the source of the "Kujan-Bulak" poem, and also the texts of the Brecht epigram on W. H. Auden and the 1922 version of "Vom armen B.B."—a splendid poem in its own right which Dr Schuhmann has unaccountably ignored.

A still more useful piece of research by Mr Tatlow has now been elegantly but expensively published by Suhrkamp: a comparison of *Brecht's chinesische Gedichte* at once with the Waley versions from which he worked, with the Chinese ideograms, and with phonetic transcriptions and literal character-by-character translations of the same. The argument here is that Brecht, even though he never knew the Chinese, sometimes got nearer to the original than Waley did, because he shared the political interests of such poets as Po Chü-yi and had much the same concern with "elliptical precision", thus avoiding Waley's slight air of preciosity while coming close to his technique. This is worked out in a series of separate notes on each of the twelve poems; and very perceptive they are. At the same time it is an enormously stimulating book for anyone concerned with the shape of poetry on the page, since to the modern eye/ear the block-like literal translation is in some ways even stronger than that by Brecht.

So at any rate Brecht is not running short of interpreters, nor, to judge from the wealth of material in the Brecht-Archive, are the scholars yet in danger of having their resources rationed. With the fourth volume, containing transcriptions of discussions and rehearsals, source material and work by other hands, the archive catalogue is now complete—an immensely useful achievement on Herta Ramthun's part—and the preparation of an edition of the letters is also far advanced. Two volumes are due to be added to the nine-volume (Suhrkamp and Aufbau) edition of the poems: the first bringing this edition into line with the 1968 *Gesammelte Werke* and adding a chronological index with revised datings, while the second will include somewhere between fifty and a hundred previously omitted or overlooked poems—many of them very fine—together with additional notes to the whole corpus. The Archive itself is now under the direction of the East German Academy, and though for the present it remains in its old rooms in Brecht's former flat it seems that it may in due course move to join the Academy's other literary and theatrical archives; the Academy is also preparing a new full Brecht bibliography under the direction of Dr Gerhard Seidel. What is more problematical at the moment is the rescuing of the works from scholarly suffocation. This matters above all in the German-speaking countries, where it depends very largely on the ability of theatre directors to find continually fresh approaches which will keep them alive. Too long has passed since the Wekwerth-Palitzsch *Ui* and the Karge-Langhoff *Little Mahagonny*. Elsewhere, however, most of Brecht is still waiting to be discovered.

When revolutionaries become rulers

PETER C. LUDZ:

The Changing Party Elite in East Germany

Translated by Israel Program for Scientific Translations

509pp. MIT Press. £6.75.

RALF DAHRENDORF:

Konflikt und Freiheit:
Auf dem Weg zur Dienstklassengesellschaft.

336pp. Munich: Piper, DM29.50.

URS JAEGGI:

Kapital und Arbeit in der Bundesrepublik

405pp. Frankfurt: Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag. DM5.80.

Peter Ludz's study of the East German political leadership is a scholarly breakthrough in both subject and method. He has asked himself what happens when a group of professional revolutionaries seize power and then have to preside over a process of economic modernization, requiring expertise of a kind that they not only lack but instinctively distrust. It is not a new question, but it has never been answered with such a wealth of well-ordered detail and scholarly argument. *The Changing Party Elite* is a heavy book, but not a dull one, excellently translated right down to the technical terms and the references.

The empirical part of the book is an analysis of the changing composition of the Central Committee of the Socialist Unity Party between 1953 and 1967, of changing patterns in the duplication of office-holding within the party and the "secular" hierarchies, and of changes in the structure of economic management. Dr Ludz concludes that

> the structure of the Central Committee has been substantially changed by enlargement, rejuvenation and professionalization. The Central Committee of the SED is no longer an organizational focal point for the "old guard" of Communist functionaries whose political moves were established in the struggles of the 1920s and 1930s and who were therefore frequently unable to adapt themselves to the reality of a highly mobile indusrial society.

Central to his argument is the social marginality of the party's "strategic clique", resulting both from its way of life as a secret society and from the ideological reinforcement that Lenin gave to such mores. This marginality has two disadvantages after the seizure of power. It maximizes the distance between the rulers and the ruled and leaves the management of social and economic change in the hands of men whose sole skill is political manipulation.

The obvious answer to this dilemma is to hire experts. But this, too, is dangerous. In contrast with the strategic clique, the experts are recruited from within society. The old-style politicos achieve because they have power; the technocrats gain power because they have achieved. The ruling party therefore grows less marginal to society; it becomes reintegrated with it and thereby loses some of its terroristic potential. Moreover, the technocrats do not merely have different criteria for decision-making, they are bound sooner or later to question the policies they are being asked to implement. Their demand for information threatens one of the party leaders' most potent weapons, secretiveness. And the heightened status of "functional" authority inevitably threatens the exclusiveness of the original revolutionary clique. Indeed, it bids in the long run to change the character of the party. It is difficult for the party to impose the "production principle" on the rest of society and remain exempt from its consequences:

> The social changes initiated . . . by the party leadership have already developed an inherent dynamism within the narrow confines of the party elites. Admittedly this dynamism is not powerful enough to seize control of the hierarchical system away from the one-party rulers. Yet on the other hand it has also given rise to phenomena which in fact constitute a limitation of control and thus of the monopoly enjoyed by the leadership.

The context of these reflections is the programme of economic reforms initiated by Ulbricht in 1963. Dr Ludz's book was first published in German in 1968 and the narrative effectively ends in 1966. The intervening seven years provide some kind of control on the validity of the book's theses. Recruitment has continued to favour the technically qualified; positions of authority increasingly go to men educated since the foundation of the German Democratic Republic, men who have no memories of older political orders, let alone of the heroic years of the Comintern. On the other hand East German society has not been liberalized even to the limited extent that Dr Ludz appeared to anticipate.

In part this is because Ulbricht's departure, far from weakening the dominance of political over functional authority, strengthened it. His successor, Erich Honecker, came up through the old career ladder of the mass organizations and has a firmer grip on the apparatus than Ulbricht had in his declining years. In part also there may have been some disillusionment, not restricted to East Germany, with the white heat of technology. The East German "economic miracle", when closely inspected by such criteria as return on investment, turns out to be not very impressive by Western standards. Above all, détente and coexistence with the Federal Republic has heightened the risks of ideological infection. For the moment, then, there is a stalemate between the counter-elite of technological and ideological innovators and a political leadership that demands sophisticated performance without awkward questions. This stalemate cannot go on for ever; what is remarkable is that the system has so far tolerated tensions that proved too much for Czechoslovakia and Poland.

Ralf Dahrendorf's is a slighter, though equally interesting, book. It was not conceived as a whole. Some of the pieces reprinted are fairly old and could have been left to gather dust, and several first appeared in English. But he is a concerned and clear-headed man, and the questions he faces are the same as those that Dr Ludz and Urs Jaeggi have chosen in more limited contexts: what are the effects of technical and economic change on power and authority in the second half of the twentieth century?

There are two main emphases. The first is that conflict is central to all social processes and investigation, whether regulated, as in "liberal" societies, or suppressed as in "totalitarian" ones—a formula usefully borrowed by Dr Ludz and one that the future director of the LSE will no doubt frame for his desk. The second is the increasing occupational shift towards "white-collar" jobs and the increasing domination of society by administrative skills. His evaluation of this lies half-way between those of Ludz and Jaeggi. Dr Ludz sees it, in Eastern Europe at least, as bringing greater diversity and therefore more liberty; Dr Dahrendorf, on the other hand, sees it as bringing "brutally technocratic societies under the cloak of an increasingly irrelevant ideology". Dr Jaeggi sees it principally as further evidence of social polarization in the West: the new tertiary sector merely swells the ranks of the economically dependent. Against that Dr Dahrendorf, rather more subtly, points out that some of them—estimated at 12 per cent of the West German population—exercise a good deal of power and that the hierarchical organization of service occupations turns them into agents of social mobility.

What makes a reading of both Ludz and Dahrendorf rewarding is that both of them seem to be thinking aloud. Neither is a political eunuch, but each takes the trouble to seek out and work through the evidence before he presents his hypotheses as proven. Dr Jaeggi, on the other hand, knows the answers before he has posed the questions. The purpose of his research is to illustrate the truth, rather than to discover it. The initially impressive wealth of quotation and annotation turns out to be largely composed of unsubstantiated assertions by like-minded polemicists. *Kapital und Arbeit* would be neither better nor worse if four-fifths of the quotations were excluded.

When we do meet empirical evidence, it is presented most ambiguously. What are we to make of a catalogue of statements from parliamentarians with the heading: "The following examples . . . may not be representative but they are surely not untypical"? What kind of scientific analysis is that? And must we go on suffering that very tired polemical cliché, "it is no accident" ("nicht zufällig")? If the temporal coincidence of two or more events proves something, say so; if not, drop the innuendo.

Dr Jaeggi is equally evasive in displaying his own political commitment. In the second sentence of his book he speaks of the SPD-FDP alternative to the CDU in inverted commas. But does it, or does it not, matter whether Brandt or Strauss is Chancellor? We are still left guessing at the end of the book. Even more ambiguous is his attitude towards the newly legalized West German Communist Party. On the one hand, it "cannot and will not abandon its claim to ideological leadership"; on the other hand, no one group can "claim . . . to possess the certainty that its political practice is the only one". As for the party's continued isolation, this is due both to the continued "anti-Communist trauma of the post-war period", which sentences both German states to equal rigidity, and to the disagreements with the remainder of the Left "both on the organisational level and in the assessment of development in the Socialist countries, especially the DDR".

It is the most impressive euphemism in a book rich in apologetic ambiguities. But it does contain an important truth. The exigencies of the Cold War for long inhibited dissent in both Germanies. The conformity of academic and political life in the Federal Republic was a commonplace until the mid-1960s. East Germany has escaped the kind of wholesale challenge mounted in other People's Democracies. In their different ways these three authors show how much has changed. One can imagine Ludz and Dahrendorf using their very distinctive talents to investigate each others' topics and coming up with new and worth-while insights. Dr Jaeggi's categories, however, would be useless for any critical analysis of the East German power structure. It is probably unfair to break him on this particular anvil—there are better Marxist sociologists in West Germany today, though he is evidently a best-selling one—but they, too, are so narrowly concerned with the "exposure" and "unmasking" of class rule under monopoly capitalism that they would feel lost in the face of Adam Schaff's challenge:

> We must—in the presence of experiences unknown to Marx—restate the problem as follows: is it true that private property is at the basis of all alienations? And, consequently, does the end of capitalism mean the end of all alienations? Is alienation impossible under socialism?

It is not a new question; it worried Bukharin as early as 1921. But, when a West German Roger Garaudy or Ernst Fischer has risen to this challenge, when he can analyse the ruling group of East Germany in the light of Dr Dahrendorf's dictum—

> Whoever regards conflict as a disease, deeply misunderstands the peculiarity of historical societies. . . . Every "healthy", self-confident and dynamic society knows and recognises the conflicts inside its structure

—then we shall know that the Cold War is one step nearer its end.

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On the stage

LOGAN GOURLAY (Editor)

Olivier

208pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.25.

Even without Lord Olivier's much-publicized dissociation from it, this would be an easy book to dislike: a collection of celebrity interviews following no evident line of inquiry, and put together on the assumption that any first-hand comment on Olivier will automatically interest a large number of people.

However, the separate parts add up to far more than the whole; and the book will undeniably be useful to Olivier's future biographers. Logan Gourlay has been lucky. He seems to have started out with a few general ideas about Olivier's career, and no curiosity about anything in particular. In some cases this has yielded the bland nothings one would expect. But a surprising number of Olivier's colleagues, past and present, have decided to drop their guard and go into the kind of detail that is rarely granted to the casual interviewer.

Some of the information that comes out is simply technical, such as Angus McBean's specialized account of Olivier's microscopically painstaking approach to make-up (in contrast to Redgrave's "method of using his face as if he were engraving a copper plate"). Other accounts provide sharp sidelights on his career in the 1930s, and his fight to escape from profitable commercial casting into the classical theatre. Peter Glenville, who speaks of his "greed for achievement", comes closest to composing a portrait that reconciles the apparent contradictions of on and off-stage behaviour, and—indispensable in a book of this kind—throws in some of the best stories in the collection.

But the really illuminating material comes from the time of the Royal Court and the National Theatre. Some of the names are missing. There is nothing from John Dexter or Kenneth Tynan; and, although there are posthumous contributions from Guthrie and Max Adrian, there is, alas, nothing from George Devine — a comparable theatre director to Olivier and the man best qualified to relate his pre-war to his postwar career. Of the Royal Court generation who do appear, however, none shows any fears of letting the side down. Tony Richardson and John Osborne give extremely candid accounts of *The Entertainer* rehearsals, dwelling as much on Olivier's personal qualms and his demand for political cuts as on the matchless equipment he brought to the part of Archie Rice.

William Gaskill follows this with a basic document in the history of the National Theatre, partly for its close analysis of Olivier's work in rehearsal, and partly for what it reveals of the enigmatic influence of his Literary Manager—the issue over which Gaskill finally decided to resign.

Off the page

GÜNTER HERBURGER:

Die amerikanische Tochter

319pp. Darmstadt and Neuwied: Luchterhand. DM16.80.

Though best known as the author of a number of largely satirical short stories and novels, Günter Herburger has also during the past decade produced three volumes of poetry, a number of children's stories and radio plays, as well as television dramas and a film. *Die amerikanische Tochter* contains a selection of recent work for various media, but it may largely serve to emphasize the fact that Herburger is still at his best as a prose-writer, or at least when still working within a predominantly literary context.

In the foreword he speaks with some frankness of economic difficulties and the pressures on a modern author and about his inevitable dependence upon the mass media, once he finds he is unable to live from strictly literary work alone. The texts themselves, which include a radio play, the script of an unproduced film and a number of reprinted newspaper articles, are intended to be read to some extent as documents of the modern writer's increasing orientation towards the mass media. While this may seem a well-conceived and fashionably socio-economic framework for the present assortment, in places the argument has rebounded upon the author. For certain pieces, among them yet another essay on the future of the novel (in six pages!), a short appreciation of Rosa von Praunheim's films and some rather undistinguished poetry, could well have been pruned. As it is, they are likely to leave the reader pondering the possible connexions between media and mediocrity.

With the radio play, *Exhibition oder Ein Kampf um Rom*, Herburger has created a brilliantly trendy and zany exploration of the medium, satirizing en route the concrete Hörspiel's more recent acoustic extravagances and earnest introspection in a much more hard-hitting critique than was to be found in his attack of a couple of years ago in *Die Zeit*. The play begins with Herburger telephoning Mauricio Kagel, the avant-garde musician and doyen of experimental radio dramatists, to ask disingenuously if they might write a radio play together. Exploiting the cracklings and misunderstandings of what appears to have been an actual conversation and showing some surprise that Kagel in fact speaks like everyone else on the telephone instead of lapsing into some concrete cacophony, Herburger proceeds to conjure up a landscape of varied sound-effects. Yet, underlying all the aesthetic irony and Shandean tomfoolery, there is a sense of commitment to the radio play's realistic and evocative strengths. Indeed, it is his eye for realistic detail that enables Herburger to present such a witty *pastiche* of recent experiments and doctrines.

Two other works stand out in this collection: a short story called "Hauptlehrer Hofer" and the film-script *Die amerikanische Tochter*. Hofer is a rather pathetic figure, a schoolteacher who gradually becomes obsessed with skiing and who for a while enjoys a period of innocent happiness in the mountains with a girl from his school. For all its undisciplined sentimentality, the girl being club-footed and an aristocrat into the bargain, and Hofer being eventually hounded out of his job for neglect, embarking on the life of a nomadic parasite and ending up conducting classes in a woodland dell, and despite all its novelettish whimsy, the tale has moments of great beauty. Hofer's passion for skiing and his idyll with the girl are both well evoked; and much self-indulgence is protected from criticism by the mists of the narrator's nostalgia.

Die amerikanische Tochter is a highly contrived work, hardly calculated to reach the national circuits. There is a self-consciously belaboured plot, with an American girl returning to her German mother after many years to become the centre of a string of financial and amorous intrigues. The gallery of deliberately obvious stereotypes would also do credit to a second-rate movie: the girl's American war-veteran father John Wayne (ideally, we are told in the credits, to be played by John Wayne), Mark, the athletic chauffeur-cum-gardener (to be played by Mark Spitz), and a number of stock rich industrialists. Light relief is provided by the American daughter, as she dances her Fred Astaire routines around the extravagant interiors of West Germany's High Society, with their studied opulence and skeletons in the antique cupboards. Intrigues of a farcical complexity unfold as the film moves toward its melodramatic body-littered climax, including long-shots taken from a helicopter. The result is an amusing satire, cheap enough to print, but an expensive exercise if transferred to celluloid.

Musicians in words

CHRIS ALBERTSON:

Bessie

253pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £2.95.

JACK V. BUERKLE and DANNY BARKER:

Bourbon Street Black
The New Orleans Black Jazzman

244pp. Oxford University Press. £3.60.

ROSS RUSSELL:

Bird Lives!

404pp plus 32 illustrations. Quartet Books. £3.75 (paperback, £1.75).

The least developed genre in the literature of jazz is still the biography: why is it that no major jazz musician has yet been treated as comprehensively as comparable figures in "serious" music and the other arts? One answer lies in the difference between the highly literate (and often literary) environment of the typical classical musician and that of the jazzman, a professional improviser, to whom the written word may be of only marginal importance. Thus every would-be historian of jazz is inevitably hampered by a lack of basic sources, though Jelly Roll Morton's unique recorded reminiscences for the Library of Congress might qualify as adequate oral equivalents of the biographer's usual materials. But how many notable jazz musicians have left letters—let alone papers or archives—to posterity?

Besides this paucity of literary and documentary material, there have been very few jazz equivalents of those "go-betweens" in classical music, like Berlioz and Stravinsky. Since the early 1950s more and more authors—such as Ralph Ellison, James Baldwin, Norman Mailer—have written sympathetically about the jazz life. But the admiration has not been reciprocated: for their part, most Black musicians are still understandably suspicious of White intellectualism and White standards of educational and literary excellence. The writings of Black commentators like A. B. Spellman and LeRoi Jones, who are intimately concerned with jazz, show not only a detestation of the stereotyped jazz-magazine interview, the "personality piece", and the ghosted autobiography, but also a militant questioning of the techniques and values of white literary culture as a whole.

Although it is certainly not an essay in musical Black power, the honest demythologizing and exorcism of Chris Albertson's life of Bessie Smith will appeal to the new, revisionist historians of jazz. Legends are ground under. The traditional view of her death is now revised in greater detail than it was by John Chilton: the easy melodrama of decline in the 1930s is modified. Her life of the tent show, the Black touring company, race labels and buffet flats, is reconstructed through good use of the contemporary popular musical press. But this increase in sociological detail leaves undiminished the central portrait—of a hard-headed, hard-living and, when roused, hard-punching blues singer of unequalled technical and emotional genius.

Bourbon Street Black, Jack Buerkle's dedicated account of the jazz culture of New Orleans, ought to have been a success. But the author has failed to emphasize that New Orleans, with its semi-subsidized street bands, its convention-happy businessmen-tourists, its unique Creole traditions, and its relative lack of industry, is untypical of the cities in which the great majority of Black musicians attempt to make their living. And despite the addition of new facts—the number of musicians receiving formal instrumental tuition, the role of the local branch of the musicians' union, the organization of gigs, and much else—the dominating impression is of a White facsimile of the experience of being Black and a jazzman. (This weakness is rather surprising since Danny Barker, who knows the inside New Orleans scene extraordinarily well, is listed as co-author.)

The contrast between the academic distance of Mr Buerkle's study and *Bird Lives*, Ross Russell's vivid excavation of the often hellish personal and musical existence of Charlie Parker, could not be more extreme. Parker, of course, might have lived his life expressly to deter systematic biography. Many of his (admittedly infrequent) letters were no more than scribbled notes about dates and money: he moved almost monthly over a period of nearly twenty years, desperately wandering from cheap hotel to down-and-out shack, from the apartment of one of his affluent admirers to a seedy motel. His words, as gathered up by Mr Russell from interviews with an extraordinarily wide range of acquaintances and colleagues—and, most usefully, from his wife and ex-wives—only rarely illuminated either his frighteningly complicated personality or the origins of his musical genius. Certainly, towards the end of his life, he talked coherently enough of unfulfilled ambitions, of his awareness of the formal limitations of the jazz form, bop, which he had perfected, and of the possibilities of settling in Europe and studying composition under Varèse. But the years of his prime—his unparalleled and continuous inspiration, accompanied by massive addiction to heroin, food, booze and women—were characterized by a catch-as-catch-can zaniness, a determination never to explain his actions or himself, and to remain especially bemusing to most White men (and particularly to White psychiatrists). He was a brilliant mimic and nonsense-talker—a verbal improviser, in fact—able to switch, in mid-sentence, from hip jargon to an outrageous Uncle Tom act.

Ostentatiously urinating in the telephone kiosk of a prestigious night-club, arriving for a record session without his pawned saxophone, half burning himself to death in an hotel room—each tragi-comic episode is recounted in sometimes terrifying detail, but invariably as a marginal note to the central theme of Parker's musical development. For it is in the meticulous description of the mechanics of a new mode of improvisation, with details of reeds, embouchures, cutting sessions, alternate takes, small-time 1940s record companies, and their methods of payment (and non-payment) that Mr Russell's book breaks completely new ground.

The recreation of a crucial period in jazz history—the transition from big-band swing to small-group bop, the discovery of a new harmonic freedom and, in the work of, among others, Thelonious Monk and Tadd Dameron, a broader compositional outlook—is achieved in prose which is sometimes over-coloured. But, most of the time, Mr Russell writes as well as Mailer did ten years ago. Mr Russell was clearly aware of the treacherousness of writing about jazz in language which tries to imitate the swirling colours of Parker's own music. And the misjudgments are very few: so few, in fact, that one is tempted to describe this book as not the best, but the first, wholly professional and acceptable biography of a major jazz musician ever published.

The greasepaint years

MICHAEL DENISON:

Overture and Beginners

255pp. Gollancz. £3.80.

NORA NICHOLSON:

Chameleon's Dish

170pp. Paul Elek. £2.20.

SYBIL THORNDIKE:

Favourites

176pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £1.95.

Michael Denison's account of Dulcie Gray's and his own beginnings, and of their life and work together up to the end of 1948, benefits from the quarter of a century's separation from the latest events of the story, and this makes for a balanced objectivity.

The description of Dulcie Gray's childhood and youth is excellent. Her memory is that of both an actress and an author and it has obviously contributed a great deal to the book. Mr Denison gives far more space to his wife-to-be's early days than to his own and it is curious that he does not even mention his college when dealing with his years at Oxford: all, it seems, after his first year, was overshadowed by the OUDS—but that production of *Richard II* in 1936, which brought Vivien Leigh, John Gielgud and Glen Byam Shaw to Oxford, proved an inspiration to many besides Michael Denison.

He and his wife both came from "upper-middle-class" families; her father was a solicitor in Malaya, his a paint-manufacturer in Doncaster; but when they met at the Webber-Douglas School of Singing and Dramatic Art circumstances required them to make their own way. Their backgrounds were nevertheless of capital importance, giving them the confidence and the clear diction then demanded in the London theatre.

They married in the spring of 1939; he was soon called up and it was not until 1946 that he could resume his work as an actor; by then Dulcie Gray had more than proved her ability on the stage. Their *annus mirabilis* came in 1948, with the filming of *The Glass Mountain*, the showing of *My Brother Jonathan* and of *Mine Own Executioner*, and their joint engagement in *Rain on the Just* at the Aldwych. The foundations of one of our happiest stage partnerships had been firmly laid.

Nora Nicholson, who died last September, was one of those supremely able players of secondary parts who have given so much distinction to the English theatre. *Chameleon's Dish* is her autobiography, introduced with model brevity by Sir John Gielgud.

A happy childhood in a Victorian parsonage, foreign travel, and training with F. R. Benson, led to a highly professional career, which is recounted tersely and fluently, with great good humour and affection, and also with a tonic astringency and independence of judgment. Versatile and dedicated throughout her long life as an actress, Nora Nicholson knew just about everyone in the theatre and her views on them can only command respect and interest. We may be grateful that she wrote her story just in time to enable her exceptional vitality and deep insight into her profession to be preserved on permanent record.

Sybil Thorndike's anthology will be most appreciated by those who can associate her presence and voice with the poems and pieces of prose she has collected. Music was her first love; poetry came a little later, and the art of reading verse she learnt above all from that noble word-musician, her husband, the late Sir Lewis Casson. The selection is set out in chronological order, from Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides to Dylan Thomas and Hugh MacDiarmid. Dame Sybil's foreword and commentary are wholly characteristic. She writes as she speaks, adventurously, with perennial spirit and style.

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Return of the non-linguistic

GILBERT HARMAN:

Thought

199pp. Princeton University Press (AUPG). £4.35.

Gilbert Harman's book is concerned with two familiar and interconnected problems: what is thought, and what is knowledge? He discusses these problems in the idiom of analytic philosophy, with a pervasive awareness of contemporary developments in logical and linguistic theory but without making any use of formal methods himself. The book is a well-written and highly readable contribution to the subject.

In the years immediately following the end of the Second World War, when the theories of Ryle and Wittgenstein were in the ascendant, it seemed to many analytic philosophers that the problem of thought and meaning had substantially been solved. To understand the working of language was to understand every aspect of this problem that deserved philosophical attention. If one studied in sufficient detail and with sufficient subtlety how words were actually used, and the similarities and dissimilarities between different types of sentences, there was no need to suppose that human minds contained some essentially non-linguistic counterparts of linguistic utterance. Meanings were not essentially related to mental imagery, or to anything that the classical empiricists called "ideas".

The pendulum has now swung a long way back again. Even in their discussions of language, many philosophers and linguists identify the primary meaning-bearing elements with a far more abstract and underlying structure than the familiar surface phenomena of the spoken word. And as for the mind itself, and its thoughts—that again is something else. Inevitably the computer analogy obtrudes itself. If people are non-deterministic automata, as Professor Harman conceives them, then the sentences they utter derive their meaning from the role of some counterpart "sentence" in the "language" of the programmes that control their behaviour. The term "functional" is a key one here. The representational character of a belief, says Professor Harman, is determined by its functional role in the life of the person or animal who has that belief. For example, belief that a perceived object is food normally leads to an attempt to eat it if hunger is present.

There is a difficulty, however, of which such philosophers take insufficient account. We normally ascribe functions to constituents that have a relatively continuous existence, or frequent recurrence, under changing conditions. So the heart has a familiar function in a person's body or elections in a political system, or even a word like "but" in the vocabulary of English. Correspondingly, it is perfectly natural to attribute functions to mental states, like belief, desire, fear or hope. But it is one thing to attribute functions to mental states in general, quite another to attribute them to particular instances of these states. Fear itself is a single, unique recurring state of mind in human beings. It helps to steer us clear of injury. But fear of being knocked down by the yellow Bentley that is now on the wrong side of the road may never recur. It may well have a specific effect on my actions. But has it a specific function?

There are an infinity of such specific mental states, just as there is an infinity of possible sentences. Can each member of this vast class be ascribed a different, identifiable function? If so, the new philosophy of mind and meaning has moved far away from the typical paradigms of functional analysis in biology and anthropology, where only a small, finite class of entities are ascribed functions, and until the issue has been further clarified it remains obscure what exactly these philosophers are asserting. Analytic philosophy that leaves its key terms precariously unelucidated has not achieved its primary objective—clarification. But Professor Harman errs in good company here.

The other main problem that he tackles goes back to the Platonic definition of knowledge as justified true belief. About a decade ago Edmund Gettier pointed out the existence of an important range of counter-examples to this definition. Perhaps evidence has been planted in A's desk which convincingly incriminates him as a spy, though he is not one, while B, in the same office, is indeed a spy. Then C, who learns of the evidence (but does not realize that it has been planted), justifiably believes the true proposition that one of the men in the office is a spy. But he can hardly be said to *know* that this is so, since his conclusion rests on the mistaken belief that A is the spy rather than on the correct belief that B is.

How best to amend the Platonic definition of knowledge in order to deal with Professor Gettier's counter-examples is a problem that has been much discussed in the professional literature, and Professor Harman now proposes his own solution. It is based on his analysis of the concept of inference, which is obviously a crucial concept here. The knower's process of reasoning must not be vitiated at any point. But Professor Harman unfortunately does not add much to what he has said previously about inductive inference. It is inference to the best explanation, he says, and is not to be assessed in terms of probabilities. But how is it to be assessed? What is its structure? To what kinds of vitiation is it liable? How is explanatory merit to be measured? Professor Harman's philosophy of human reasoning cannot stand comparison with the theories he criticizes until it has been developed up to a comparable level of sophistication.

Grounds for God

A. C. EWING:

Value and Reality: The Philosophical Case for Theism

292pp. George Allen and Unwin. £5.50.

A. C. Ewing died shortly before the publication of this book. Throughout his career he was critical of the mainstream of recent British philosophy, with its central interest in language and its rejection of traditional metaphysics; and he was accordingly always something of an "out" figure, who was probably underestimated by many of his contemporaries.

Value and Reality is partly philosophical and partly theological. Ewing begins from the traditional and commonsensical position that religious beliefs involve claims about the actual nature of reality—about "what there is" and "how things are". No doubt much religious language is poetic and mythological; but it is only because the religious statements at the core are true or false that their associated myths can be appropriate or inappropriate as pointers to reality. This theological realism lays on the theist an obligation to provide grounds for his belief.

In building up his case Ewing discusses many of the central questions of philosophy—the possibility of metaphysics, criteria of truth, the relation between mind and body, the nature of moral judgments, intuition, freewill, arguments for the existence of God, and the problem of evil. These are all topics on which he has written before, but he does not simply repeat what he has already said. He has abandoned, for example, his earlier advocacy of the coherence criterion of truth (saying of one of his former arguments, "I now wonder how I could ever have used such an argument"), acknowledging now several cooperating criteria, with the primacy given to explanatory efficacy. He has also changed his position in ethics, adopting a view which "agrees with pure emotivism and prescriptivism in holding that 'moral judgements' primarily express practical non-cognitive attitudes, but it disagrees in holding that they are not just expressions of actual attitudes, but also involve a claim that the attitudes are rationally grounded". On the mind-body problem he is still an unrepentant dualist. Applying this to the possibility of life after death, he points out that the present dependence of consciousness on the brain no more entails cessation of consciousness at death than the fact that I now see the sky through a window entails that when I leave the house I shall be unable to see the sky because I shall no longer have a window to look through!

The philosophical case for theism, as developed by Ewing, rests on religious intuition supported by the persuasive power (falling short, however, of strict proof) of the traditional cosmological, design and moral arguments for divine existence. There seems however to be an ambiguity in Ewing's understanding of religious intuition. He usually speaks of intuitive beliefs, i.e. the intuition that certain propositions are true. At other times he speaks of an intuitive sense of God's presence. The former involves many difficulties. But the latter, broadening out into the religious experiencing of life as a sphere in which we have continually to do with God and he with us, probably represents the main ground of theistic belief as this is reflected in the Bible and in other classic expressions of religious faith. The case for theism might well find a stronger basis in the religious intuition, or experiencing, of God, than in a claimed intellectual intuition of the truth of the proposition "God exists".

Ewing has two long chapters on the theistic arguments, and it is useful to have his versions of them in book form. However, these are not likely to convince those who have found other versions unconvincing. It is a defect of these chapters that Ewing takes little account of the work of philosophical critics of the theistic arguments.

Theologically, Ewing declares himself to be both a theist and a Christian. His theology is of the liberal, rational and humane kind which some will see as the only viable form of Christianity and others as a betrayal of the Gospel. For example, Ewing rejects as immoral the idea of Hell; he doubts whether Jesus ever claimed to be God incarnate; and he disavows the claim that outside the church, or outside Christianity, there is no salvation. "It seems to me", he says, "to be unreasonable and arrogant in the sense in which 'apartheid' is unreasonable and arrogant to claim that Christianity is the only religion by which men can be 'saved'". He even adds:

> But to say that no teacher will ever arise in the millions of years which may lie before the human race who will supersede Christ in the sense of teaching even more effectively all the truths he taught and also adding to and in some respects rightly amending his teaching is a prophecy which I see no grounds to make.

Although such views will not endear Ewing to conservative Christians, his conclusions are probably inevitable for a philosopher whose theological touchstone is not the authority of the church but a combination of common sense, morality, consistency and rationality.

The last chapter includes an extremely interesting constructive theory of the relation between God and time. All in all, the book is the worthy legacy of an honest and humane thinker whose work over more than forty years has illuminated many of the perennial problems of philosophy.

A subject is born

GLENN LANGFORD and D. J. O'CONNOR (Editors):

New Essays in the Philosophy of Education

266pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4.50.

New Essays in the Philosophy of Education forms part of the growing International Library of the Philosophy of Education, whose general editor is R. S. Peters. There is a certain artificiality in the stated aims of the series, which include that of "building up a body of fundamental work in the philosophy of education which is both practically relevant and philosophically competent". There is, it is true, a vast number of people interested in education, from one angle or another, and therefore any book about education is likely to be generally read; but it is rather as if, in compiling this library, the editor has simply brought together two interests, education and philosophy, and found some people who have them both, and encouraged them to write.

In this way one might make a collection of essays in the philosophy of soccer or the philosophy of music. Many such collections would contain good things. But they would be philosophical only in that certain key-concepts would be *analysed*, by someone accustomed to the analysis of concepts in a different context. Thus in the Philosophy of Soccer volume, one might expect to have the role of the referee discussed, in terms of authority, and the application of rules; there could be an essay on rules in general, and another on the difference between penalties and punishment. There could be a general essay on the value of soccer, and the place of games in our sociological or psychological environment—enough here for several volumes. But would we thereby have discovered a new branch of philosophy?

To suggest such an analogy is not to diminish the value of some of the essays in the present collection. But it is to raise a question about whether the growth of the whole library is not a bit of a fraud, if its contents should ultimately get so bulky that we are somehow forced to regard the philosophy of education as a subject on its own. It is already true that to read all the essays in existence on Indoctrination, for example, would take a student nearly a working week. And so one can imagine the curriculum growing under its own impetus. For discussing other people's articles is an easy way to write an article oneself, and thus to increase the overall bulk of articles, and to perpetuate the subject.

The consequence of this kind of growth is, among other things, a certain uniformity of tone, which is manifest in the present volume. The preferred style is simple, direct, sometimes almost naive. There are few technical terms, though a certain amount of careful definition of the way in which common terms are being used. Possible misunderstandings are cleared away first, and then, at the end, the conclusions are listed, in a somewhat deprecating manner. (The exception to this is the last essay in the book, on the place of science in the curriculum, in which P. H. Nidditch states with the utmost confidence the six aims of educational processes, and many other things besides.)

The doubts one feels about this book may be put in the following way: philosophical problems characteristically arise out of areas of practice or confusion spontaneously, or at least they seem to do so. Advances in physical science *force* people to raise general questions about causation or knowledge. New ways of thinking about human action force people to think of action, freedom, responsibility in general. The failure of a much anticipated revolution may compel a wholly new questioning of the nature of political power, or political aims. And so on. It is not that the questions treated in the area of education are not interesting; nor that they are not numerous. It is that, in this collection of essays at least, they do not seem to have arisen in the same compulsive or teasing way.

For instance, there is an essay on aesthetic education by Diane Collinson which raises the real question, In the theory of taste, of how much one must, in order to exercise aesthetic sensibility, just experience, and how much on the other hand one must *know*, and be able detachedly to comment both on the work before one and on one's reactions to it. Besides this, there is a separate question, tacked on, about how to teach about aesthetic education. Now it may well be said that we cannot answer the second of these questions without knowing the answer to the first. But, if we *did* know the answer to the first, would not the second become a question of pedagogic theory, how best to teach, rather than philosophy? Over and over again the same confusion of aim seems to show itself. In a sense *everything* is relevant to educational theory, because everything can be discussed in, as they say, the classroom situation. But this entails that nothing is *specially* relevant.

In the more abstract and analytic, and by now well-trodden, areas, there is an admirably clear essay on indoctrination by Patricia Smart and some rather tedious infighting between Glenn Langford and Professor Peters on values in education. If a genuine branch of philosophy is to emerge to be taught in Colleges of Education, it is a pity for too much of this kind of thing to be publicly engaged in. It is likely to bring the subject into disrepute.

Shifting paradigms

THOMAS A. SPRAGENS, JR.:

The Politics of Motion
The World of Thomas Hobbes

224pp. Croom Helm. £4.75.

In *The Politics of Motion* Thomas A. Spragens applies to the history of philosophy ideas that Thomas Kuhn has used in interpreting the history of science. Mr Spragens regards the philosophy of Hobbes as the "transformation" of an Aristotelian "paradigm" so as to be Aristotelian in some respects and anti-Aristotelian in others.

The thesis seems an interesting one at first sight, but in practice it is not enlightening. As Mr Spragens himself acknowledges in his concluding chapter, Kuhn uses the concept of a paradigm in more than one sense; and when Mr Spragens extends its application still further, the notion of a paradigm becomes so vague that it can cover virtually any prominent feature of intellectual history. Of course Hobbes wrote and thought with an Aristotelian framework in mind. So did every European philosopher of his age. Hobbes also reacted against much in the Aristotelian framework. So did other great philosophers of his age. One can call this process "the transformation of an Aristotelian paradigm", but that is just a fancy label that could as easily be attached to the philosophy of Descartes, or Spinoza, or Locke. One can say the same sort of thing about most great innovators in the fine arts as well as in science or philosophy. They too are influenced by important traditions and they react against those traditions.

In order to support his general thesis Mr Spragens overdoes the seeking of parallels to Hobbes in the work of Aristotle. His selection of passages from Aristotle is rather arbitrary, and the resulting picture of Aristotle's philosophy is distorted. Mr Spragens is more at home with Hobbes and makes a number of judicious comments about recent interpretations of Hobbes's views. The originality of his own interpretation, however, consists simply in spelling out the comparison and contrast with Aristotle, and it does not add up to a great idea. In particular, his account of Hobbes's contribution to political philosophy (which he agrees is Hobbes's greatest achievement) is rather thin and lacks substance. One does not learn from it just why Hobbes is reckoned to be a genius in political thought.

Books received

Aviation

PHILLIPS, DAVID. *Skyjack.* 288pp. Harrap. £3.75.

This is the second book to appear on the subject of air piracy. Like the earlier volume prepared in the United States, it classifies the various instances and shows the progression from political and escapist acts of piracy to the propagandist seizure of an aircraft and later to criminal attempts to obtain large sums of money. David Phillips points out that two-fifths of the hijacking attempts have taken place in the United States and makes his record graphic by describing several of these in detail together with actions, legal and preventive, to which they have given rise. He also deals adequately with incidents in other parts of the world and shows how essential full international cooperation is to put down or, at least, control this menace.

WILSON, ANDREW. *The Concorde Fiasco.* 157pp. Penguin. Paperback, 35p.

Oil shortages may do more to spoil the prospect of orders for the Concorde than any of the factors Andrew Wilson outlines in this book such as payload, range, noise and passenger appeal. As a survey of the political, technological and economic influences in the controversial history of the project this book is an excellent piece of work. The author holds that if competition forces the airlines to take the Concorde, the real beneficiary will be an American successor. There is plenty in the book to sustain without resolving the controversy.

History

ARNOTT, PETER. *The Byzantines and Their World.* 286pp plus 21 illustrations. Macmillan. £4.50.

Peter Arnott follows up his introduction to the Greek and Roman worlds with one to the Byzantine. With admirable restraint Professor Arnott quotes and cites only original sources, making especially good use of the Greek Anthology and of the Miracles of St Demetrius. The writing is spirited, impressionistic and full of modern instances. He does not go far into such matters as how the Empire was actually run, or give much sense of development, but concentrates on the Church and in what amount to historical guides to Ravenna, Thessaloniki and Constantinople. But his topography and archaeology are distinctly shaky—among numerous unlikely places of information is that the Princes' Islands in the Sea of Marmara are "tourist places now, reached by casual airplane from Istanbul". There are better and less casual popular introductions to Byzantium than this.

RANGER, FELICITY (Editor). *Prisca Monimenta.* 307pp. University of London Press. £8.50.

These studies in the history and management of archives have been disinterred from the pages of the *Journal of the Society of Archivists*, some of them slightly revised in order to take account of later research. They now reappear as a tribute to A. E. J. Hollaender on his retirement from the editorship of the *Journal* and from the office of Keeper of Manuscripts at the Guildhall Library. The papers, grouped under half-a-dozen general headings, deal with a wide range of archival history, from Anglo-Saxon charters and other documents down to the records of ecclesiastical and local authorities. They are preceded by a note by Philip Jones who, as a fellow archivist, writes appreciatively of Dr Hollaender's life and work.

Humour

EMERY, DICK. *In Character.* 140pp. Robson. £1.99.

Dick Emery has had much success on the air with his portrayals of the hopeless boy, the toothy parson, the frustrated spinster and other comic types. Here he projects them into print in a scrapbook of comments, cartoons, photographs and samples from his scripts. The book of the television is becoming as common as the book of the film. This one, however, is best suited to Mr Emery's more devoted fans.

SIMPLE, PETER. *The World of Peter Simple.* 215pp. Johnson Publications. £1.90.

Extracts from the "Way of the World" column of *The Daily Telegraph* for 1971-73. Incisive comments on the affairs of the day are mixed with flights of fancy. Some of the satirical figures come all too close to reality. In particular you could swear that Dr Heinz Kiosk, chief psychiatric adviser to the National Wallpaper Council, is someone you have actually heard on the air.

Literature and Criticism

SANDERS, SCOTT. *D. H. Lawrence: The World of the Major Novels.* 224pp. Vision. £3.15.

So many trails have criss-crossed in the exploration of Lawrence's works, thought, and life, that it is inevitable that some subjects should be overlapped. Scott Sanders's aim, however, is to open up a new area. His study of *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*, *The Plumed Serpent* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* starts from what he sees as "a fundamental opposition between nature and culture" in Lawrence's world view. Lawrence never resolved that "seminal conflict" and was "driven again and again to flee history into a mythical realm in which the passions of the body redeem the cruelties of the world". This broad theme of Professor Sanders's exegesis leads him to develop others. Particularly interesting is his study of the opposition between language and silence, which came to its fullest intensity in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Professor Sanders has a calm, judicial tone and uses unesoteric language, which is all the more persuasive after so much mumbo-jumbo, exaggeration, and hysteria.

FENDALL, CAROLINE (Editor). *A Norfolk Anthology.* 184pp. Ipswich: Boydell Press. £3.

With simplicity and without striving after effect the compiler has succeeded in producing an enjoyable reminder of the versatility of Norfolk writers, who in this instance include such names as Wyndham Ketton-Cremer, Sir John Betjeman, Cowper, Parson Woodforde, Rider Haggard. The latter, an eminent if unsuccessful Conservative candidate for East Norfolk, shows his deep understanding of the county in many extracts. Many of the more humorous passages are taken from John Clyde's *Norfolk Garland*, which was published a century ago.

Parapsychology

TABORI, PAUL and UNDERWOOD, PETER. *The Ghosts of Borley.* 240pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.50.

This volume on the ghosts of Borley presents analyses of earlier reports, notes that one witness contradicted after many years the evidence given when events were fresh in her mind, and fills in the extraordinary human background of the phenomena. It would be useful to know whether there are any definite records of hauntings before the advent in 1862 of the Reverend Henry Bull, who was interested in The Nun Legend. Of his fourteen children, several daughters chronicled paranormal experiences, and his son, who succeeded him in 1892, was fascinated by the "ghosts". A new rector arrived in 1927, and told the *Daily Mirror* of the occurrences; as a result Harry Price began his investigations, which continued during the reign of the next incumbent, who took over in 1929. Apart from the extraordinary characters involved in its story the book is remarkable for accounts, some as late as 1972, of fresh phenomena reported on the site of the rectory—burnt down in 1939—in the rectory cottage, in the grounds and in the church. There are good photographs, plans and maps.

Science

VAN PRAAGH, G. (Editor). *H. E. Armstrong and Science Education.* 142pp. John Murray. £2.25 (paperback, £1.50).

Henry Edward Armstrong (1848-1937), though a chemist of world repute in his time, is little known to the general public, and it is good to see his chief contributions to scientific education put into permanent form. He is known above all as the exponent of the "heuristic" method, or learning through discovery, but this is only one of the subjects treated in these selections from books and papers ranging from 1891 to 1908. G. Van Praagh in his introduction gives a useful sketch of Armstrong's activities and significance.

Ships and Shipping

BREYER, SIEGFRIED. *Battleships and Battlecruisers, 1905-1970.* Translated by Alfred Kurti. 480pp including 922 illustrations. Macdonald and Jane's. £10.

This English edition of Siegfried Breyer's massive reference book is a revised version of the original German edition and contains some additional drawings. The author states that the material took him some twenty years to collect and it is gratifying that these arduous labours have been successful in achieving his aim of producing an exhaustive yet concise account of the evolution of the capital ship as an introduction to the highly detailed drawings and statistics of all the ships of the type built by the maritime powers of the world. These are supported by an adequate index and bibliography. It would be impossible to produce so large and detailed a work completely free from minor errors but these cannot seriously detract from the overall value of this book.

Transport

NOCK, O. S. *The Golden Age of St. Am.* 235pp. A. and C. Black. £6.75.

O. S. Nock's golden age runs from 1902 to 1922, the period immediately preceding the amalgamation of the old independent companies, the Midland, the London and North Western, the Great Western, the London and South Western, the South Eastern and Chatham and the rest. These were years of burnished locomotives, competitive running, powerful figures at the helm, and chief mechanical engineers and drivers who had power and stature. Mr Nock was a schoolboy commuter on the Great Western Railway and on the old Chatham and later rode on all the five-star lines at the old dispensation. He describes the peculiarly individual aura that they had and reminisces on the ways of railways and railwaymen. The illustrations, especially the coloured ones, reflect the mellow tone of the book.

Travel and Topography

BUSH, ROGER. *The National Parks of England and Wales.* 247pp. Dent. £3.95.

There are now ten national parks in England and Wales, varying in extent from 866 square miles in the Lake District down to Exmoor's 265 square miles. The collection of photographs is nicely chosen to convey an impression of the character of each region. There is also a clear and concise account of how the parks came into being, how they are managed, and what may be seen there. An attractive book which also provides briefer notes on some thirty designated areas of natural beauty (apart from the parks) and on the eight long-distance footpaths. A series of maps shows the areas covered by the parks.

WYKES, ALAN (Editor). *Abroad.* 252pp. Macdonald. £3.95.

A pleasant album of pieces by and about the Englishman on his travels. The anthology draws chiefly on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and is rounded off with notes on the writers and attractive illustrations.

War

JONES, GEOFFREY. *Under Three Flags.* 256pp. Kimber. £3.50.

The German raiders during the Second World War, both warships and armed merchant raiders, owed much of their success to four armed supply ships laid down in Germany in 1938. Essentially of tanker construction and carrying as their main cargoes fuel and lubricating oils, they also took on board supplies of ammunition and torpedoes, fresh water and provisions, and all other stores which the raiders might require to maintain themselves at sea. *Under Three Flags* is the story of one of these ships, the *Nordmark*, which began her life under the swastika ensign of the German Navy. After the war she was allocated to Britain and served under the White Ensign as HMS Bulawayo. Her third flag was, perhaps, slightly bogus, for as part of her disguise when serving in the war in the Atlantic she frequently took an American name and flew the Stars and Stripes. Her story is well told by Geoffrey Jones, even if her career was pedestrian in comparison with those of the ships she served.

World Affairs

RAY, NIHARRANJAN. *Nationalism in India.* 180pp. Aligarh Muslim University. Rs.20.

Niharranjan Ray is the doyen of the modern school of Indian scientific historians who seek the materials of their craft from the disciplines of anthropology, sociology and economics as well as from literary and archaeological data. Their view is wide; their standpoint judicious; they do not hesitate to explore and explode historical myths, however deeply entrenched they may be in patriotic legend. Each of these four lectures contains enough material to form the subject matter of an entire book. Professor Ray analyses the cultural, ecological and linguistic stresses which distinguish Indian nationalism from corresponding movements elsewhere; the reasons for the emergence of the Hindu and Muslim sub-nationalities long before the British appeared; the effect of the caste system—so gravely misinterpreted by those who ignore the economic factors in its manifestations. His exposition of the origin of the "Scheduled Castes" and the "Scheduled Tribes" is both brilliant and convincing.

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